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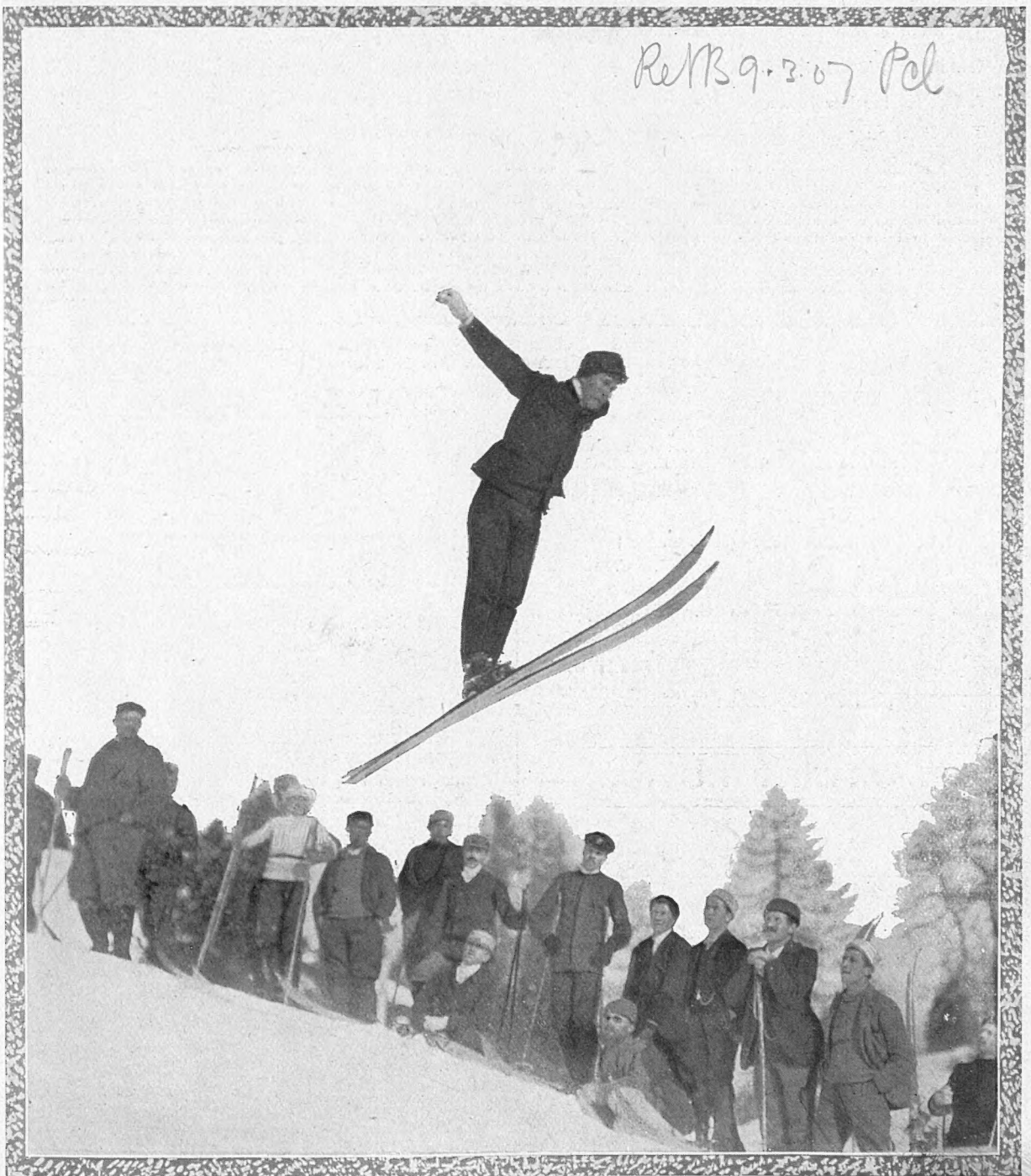

Photo *Ballance*

SKI-JUMPING AT ST. MORITZ

No. 166.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

"Living Lies." By Esther Miller. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Impressions of a Wanderer." By M. C. Mallik. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net.)

"Charles Edward." By Harrison G. Rhodes. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Emma, Lady Hamilton." By Walter Sichel. (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Fighting Chance." By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable: 6*s.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 6, 1907

George Lewis was the wrongly convicted prisoner for last week.

* * *

By the way, it is alleged that the number of men who, though guilty, are now suffering the horrors of imprisonment surpasses the wildest of public surmises.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd-George's statement that in future he will be guided by facts on the question of Tariff Reform has caused something like consternation at the Cobden Club.

* * *

Even now it is felt that some national British reparation is due to the United States for the Jamaica *faux pas*, and it is suggested that this might take the form of lending them a jury with which to try Mr. Thaw.

* * *

A list of the offices to which Mr. Churchill has not been appointed is to be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*.

* * *

From a contemporary, on the morrow of the *levée* at Dublin Castle:—

Mr. Birrell was yesterday sworn at in Dublin as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

A mine of truth sometimes lies beneath a printer's error.

* * *

New York is by no means pleased at the ban placed on *Salome* by the Opera House landlords. "Oh, listen to the banned" is, in fact, one of the most popular refrains of the hour on the other side.

* * *

We hear that many cabmen are now studying Esperanto, as they find the English language insufficient to express their opinion of the new fare regulations.

The action of the magistrate in punishing further the man who broke into Sweeting's window and stole a pie, which was subsequently found to be stuffed with sawdust, is another case of judicial brutality.

* * *

From *Pearson's Weekly*:

NOTE.—Most people pronounce Mr. Edalji's name wrongly. It should be pronounced Ee-dl-gee, the accent on the first E.

But, right or wrong, surely no person of taste would, now that Mr. Edalji's innocence of the outrage on the pony at Great Wyrley has been so clearly established, think of accentuating the "gee."

* * *

The replica, in miniature, of the havoc at Kingston which the authorities have thrown up in the roadway facing the Mansion House, should prove invaluable in attracting the attention of passers-by to the collection box labelled "West Indian Earthquake."

* * *

A runaway bull forced its way into a draper's shop in Dorking last week, and created great havoc. But the draper was not cowed. This week, we hear, he is announcing his "Annual Remnant Sale."

* * *

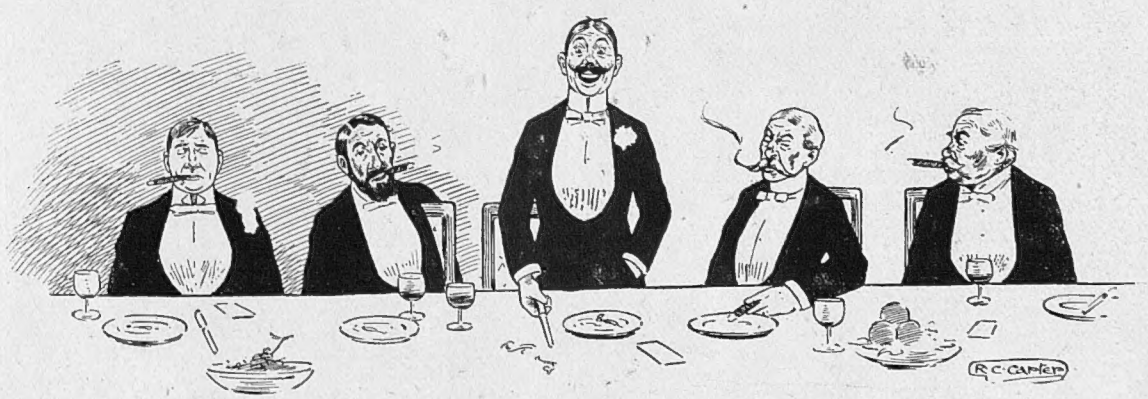
Much disappointment at the unpractical nature of Sir William Ramsay's lecture on "The Transmutation of Elements" was expressed by several professional coin-improvers who were present.

* * *

The Powers' complaints to the Sultan of the demands for money made on various foreigners by Fehim Pasha, his aide-de-camp, have, so far, been unsuccessful. The Sultan's only answer to each complaint has been, "Fee-him."

* * *

There is an article in the February *Independent Review* on "Prince Bülow's Little War," by Dr. Rudolf Breitscheid. No doubt, he looks on things from the—— (Enough!—ED.)



MORE STUDIES IN EXPRESSION: THE HUMOROUS AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

BY THE LATE R. C. CARTER

RACING NOTIONS

SOME INTERESTING RACES. BY "CARBINE"

Features of Last Week's Sport

Frost did not improve the quality or strengthen the quantity of steeplechasing last week, as Saturday's programme at Sandown Park had to be abandoned, and earlier in the week many owners were frightened to start their best horses owing to the queer state of the going. Still, the sport at Gatwick and Sandown had its interesting and exciting features. It was good, for example, to see Rassendyl carry his vast weight successfully in the big hurdle race at Gatwick on Thursday. We should all like to see the flying Cinders pitted against Mr. Stedall's champion. What a crowd would foregather, say, at Hurst Park, if the match-making Mr. Joe Davis could bring the two together. There are few things the public love better than a sporting match between two crack horses, though the last I recall, that between Mark Time and Karakoul, was a very unsatisfactory affair. Another idol was shattered at Sandown on Friday when Dafila, after a brilliant sequence of successes, went down before Simonson. I certainly thought that Moran rode a badly judged race on Dafila, but I do not, as a rule, like blaming jockeys, for it is obvious that they cannot come away without the horse, and Simonson may be a great deal smarter than many of us believe.

Wolf's Folly and the National

It was a very pretty race between Cissy's Revel and Wolf's Folly on Friday. The last-named, I am told, is going to be well backed for the Grand National, and I am quite prepared to see him justify the confidence, for, excepting for one mistake, he jumped exceedingly well last year, and managed to finish fifth. But he will need to do better at Aintree than at Sandown, where he blundered at the third fence from home, and at the finish Cissy's Revel beat him comfortably. All the talk is now of Grand National prospects. The acceptances for the great race is very satisfactory, and I am glad to see that John M.P. and Cinders have gone out, for I am convinced that neither would get the course, and the public would certainly have wasted money over them. Aunt May and the other horses mentioned by me last week as possessing chances have accepted; but it is much too early to make any definite selection for this race.

The Lincoln

For the Lincoln, too, there is a grand acceptance, and if Polymelus has gone, that is no more than we expected, and virtually all the other good horses remain in the race. I need scarcely suggest to my readers that no notice should be taken of the quotation lists which are now being published. To pretend that they represent the chances of the horses quoted is ridiculous, and backers will do well to wait. The prospects of racing this week are still a little uncertain; but, in anticipation of Hurst Park on Friday, I select **Key West** for the Molesey Steeplechase. The Open Steeplechase will be the best race of the week if the National horses, Ascetic's Silver, Aunt May, and Wolf's Folly, compete for it, and they may have to take on useful customers like Ross and **Old Fairyhouse**. I think the last-named will win. On Saturday I must adhere to **Cinders** for the February Hurdle Race. Roseate Dawn is also engaged, and if he is well trained at hurdles, the filly would have to be a marvel to give him 10 lb. and a beating. But she *is* a marvel.

Photo *M. Dixon*

The Burwood Steeple hase at Sandown Park: Cissy's Revel and Wolf's Folly clearing the water jump

Though frost som what interfered with the programmes arranged for last week, some good sport was nevertheless witnessed at Gatwick and Sandown Park, where, on Friday, the Burwood Steeplechase was won, after an exciting race, by Captain Money's Cissy's Revel

Earthquake and the Camera

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUINED KINGSTON

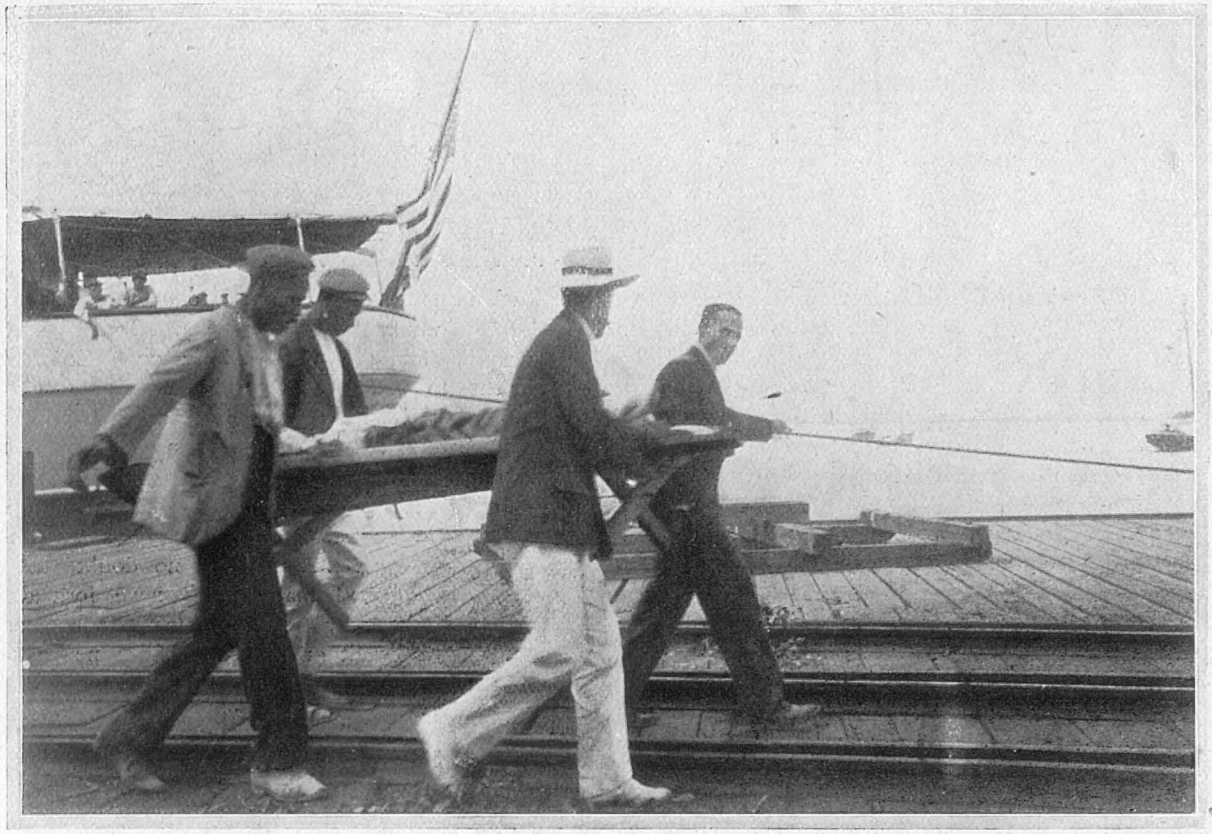


Photo *W. S. Campbell*

A Libel Refuted

Members of Sir A. Jones's party assisting in carrying victims of the earthquake on board the *Port Kingston* for surgical aid. This photograph tends to corroborate the denials by the party of the statements made in the American Press about their non-assistance of the sufferers

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

King Street, Kingston, after the earthquake

Crowds parading the streets, viewing the ruins of what were once their shops and residences. Any doubts as to the appalling nature of the catastrophe at Kingston are quite set at rest by the above picture of the grim realities

Faked Photographs

The result of Miss Gertie Millar's libel action was not surprising, and it is difficult to see how any professional person can be defamed by being depicted in a costume appropriate to his, or her, calling. As was pointed out in the course of the trial, many eminently respectable plays, such as *Macbeth* and *Othello*, require the leading lady to appear on the stage in night attire, and Mrs. Monckton would hardly object to play the part of either Desdemona or Lady Macbeth on the ground of its impropriety. It is absurd to say that she was injured in reputation; and as to injury to her pocket, if she has not parted with the copyright in the photograph from which the face in the offending pictures was copied, she apparently had a good cause of action, of which she did not choose to avail herself; if she has parted with it, the damage was not to her, but to the purchaser, and the action should have been brought by the latter.

Photo *Russell*

The Hon. Edward Cadogan

The third son of Earl Cadogan, who, although a barrister of only two years standing, was called upon to defend a murder case at the Suffolk Assizes

Advertisements Gratis

The most curious part of the case was the evidence as to the large sums paid by photographers to popular actresses for the honour of a sitting, and the privilege of selling the resulting portrait. The artist seems to make a profit out of it; but these photographs, whether exhibited in stationers' windows or reproduced in illustrated papers, are excellent advertisements for them. The members of the theatrical profession do not seem to think that the acceptance of a fee from a photographer is, well, a little *infra dig.* Persons who make money by allowing their photographs to be sold for profit must not be too squeamish. Other people who wish to advertise themselves or their wares have to pay heavily for the accommodation; while the fortunate actress not only gets her advertising done for nothing, but actually receives a handsome bonus from the publisher of the advertisement.

Are Juries Impartial?

The preliminary stages of the Thaw trial in New York are a good illustration of the elaborate procedure with which juries are chosen in America. Probably a good many people do not know that the system of challenges is not of Transatlantic origin, but is part of the common law of England, and might be put into operation at any trial for felony at the present day. Indeed, every prisoner is formally reminded in open Court of his right to challenge, though, for some reason or other, it is hardly ever exercised. This is to be regretted, for although in all important trials efforts are made to secure impartiality by summoning the jurymen from a district as distant as possible from the scene of the crime, yet there can be no doubt that a good many juries have formed a pretty strong opinion of the prisoner's guilt or innocence from newspaper reports before they have heard a word of the evidence. Why doesn't Sir A. Conan Doyle take this question up? He might very well argue that if the jurymen in the Edalji case had been cross-examined about their previous knowledge of the case, a different jury would have been chosen, and perhaps a different verdict given.

A Tax on M.P.'s

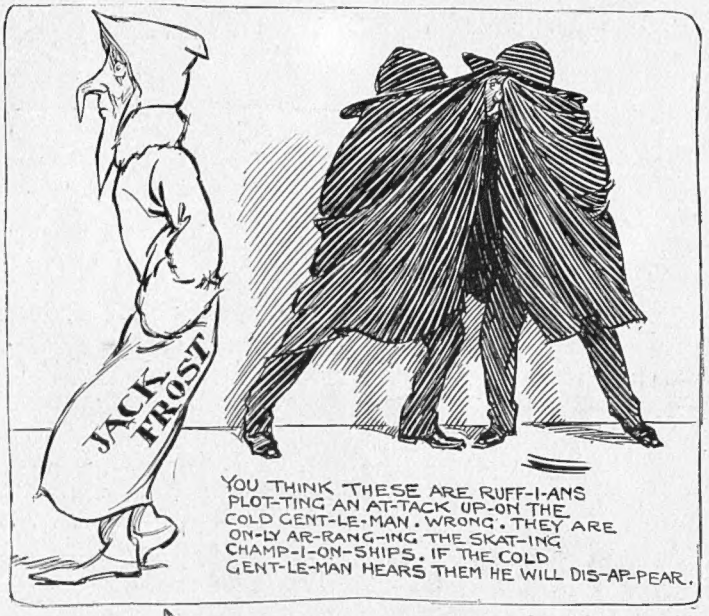
By ancient custom, every barrister who is elected to Parliament for the first time, is compelled to make a substantial contribution—usually £10—to the wine fund of his circuit, and, in consequence of the General Election last year, several of the circuits have been enabled to make very substantial additions to their cellars. This is pleasant for them, but it may be doubted whether the new M.P.'s exactly relish having to pay for promotion to an office which, though, doubtless, one of honour, is usually totally destitute of profit.

These jottings are appearing every fortnight.—Ed.

Journalistic Enterprise

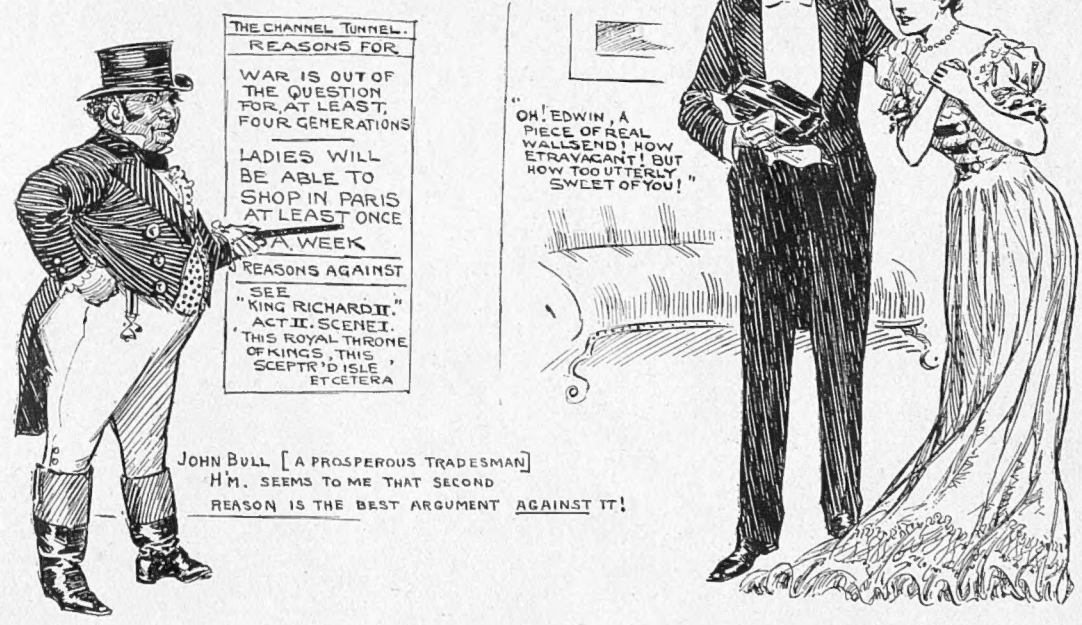
Our latest enterprise is a further development of our Insurance of readers. Not only are you now insured for £2,000 against accidents by train, omnibus (including motor-omnibuses), tram-car, four-wheeled or hansom cabs (including £2,000 in the event of total disablement, £1,000 for loss of two limbs, and £500 for loss of one limb), but THE BYSTANDER now includes ocean-going risks for £1,000. All you have to do is to sign the coupon, or, better still, subscribe for six or twelve months, when you are automatically insured for the period of your subscription without having to put your signature on the coupon each week.

The Topictator



A PICTURE POSTCARD.
HOW MR JUSTICE D-RL-NG MAY REASONABLY EXPECT TO SEE HIMSELF IN THE SHOP WINDOWS.

A MORNING PAPER MENTIONS THE POSSIBILITY OF A COAL FAMINE



To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The "Duke and Duchess of Lancaster" in Paris

To say that times have changed is but a mean way of expressing the absolute topsy-turvydom of Royal proceedings as compared with those same Royal proceedings thirty or forty or fifty years ago. Imagine her late Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort running over to Paris for the inside of a week merely for entertainment, either incognito or otherwise! The effort of imagination required is a stupendous, almost an impossible one. The mere suggestion of such a proceeding would have been, one feels, vetoed with horror, so strongly does it savour of modernity. The announcement, too, was not made weeks beforehand. Jacques Bonhomme was taken by surprise. "To-morrow," said the official announcement, "their Majesties will leave London for a visit of one week's duration to Paris." And "to-morrow"—*i.e.* last Saturday—they left, accompanied as far as Calais by the Princess Victoria, *en route* for Christiania.

* * *

Where They Will Stay

The King and Queen are at the British Embassy, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. They are, therefore, technically speaking, on British soil. And "technically" expresses it well. In every other way they are the thrice-welcomed visitors of France, and the fact that they are just the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster seems only to add to France's delight at having them. The King in Paris is, of course, ever the most honoured, most welcomed of guests, and I have yet to meet the Frenchman who had aught but something very nice to say about His Majesty. But the Queen in Paris, that Paris which delights in, and appreciates nothing in the world so much as, a beautiful and a gracious woman! Well, I look forward with keenest pleasure to hearing my Parisian friends dilate, as only they can dilate, on this latest and most charming development of the *entente cordiale*. I foresee that it will almost exhaust even a Frenchman's dictionary of compliments.

The Terrible Shooting Fatality

The late Lady Dorothy Cuthbert, with Captain Cuthbert, on the day of their wedding. Lady Dorothy was the victim of a sad fatality at Beaufront Castle, Hexham, being accidentally killed by her husband while out pheasant-shooting. Particularly heart-rending is the tragedy by the fact that her ladyship, a daughter of the Earl of Strafford, was only twenty-five years of age, and had been married only three years

* * *

Tragedy Too Deep for Words

There are some tragedies which lie almost too deep for tears, poor human nature's futile solace. There are many which lie too deep for words. And the tragedy of the death of Lady Dorothy Cuthbert is surely one of these. It is impossible, however, even at risk of stating a commonplace, to refrain from at least a poor endeavour to express one's sorrow and sympathy. The tragic ending to the life of Lady Dorothy has awakened, even in those who, like myself, only knew her by her very good repute, a feeling of utter dismay and grief; the sorrow of her husband and her friends hardly bears thinking of. Young, pretty, lovable, and full of the sweetest charity, Lady Dorothy was only married to her gallant and popular husband, Captain Cuthbert, D.S.O., three years ago. The gun accident which caused the tragedy was one of those against which not the greatest care and skill will prevail. A more experienced or a more careful man with a gun than Captain Cuthbert it would not be easy to find. His powerlessness to have avoided the accident may one day console him. At present, naturally, he is prostrated with inexpressible mourning, which is, perhaps, more grievous than a grief come by in less tragic circumstances. The mere shock of the tragedy, which, at its happening, brought the young husband unconscious to the ground beside his wife, is still so present that one hesitates even to breathe a respectful condolence. At Hexham, where the Cuthberts have been seated at the stately mediæval castle of Beaufront for the last hundred years and more, the family is extremely popular. The gallant reputation of Captain Cuthbert (who gained his D.S.O. and eight clasps to his medals in the South African War) was only

Forty-Eight—Not Out!

Emp R Park

Photo *Haeckel*

The Kaiser, with his five sons, marching Unter den Linden on the Imperial birthday

Berliners turned out *en masse* on Sunday week to congratulate His Majesty both on his forty-eighth birthday and on his victory in the Reichstag Elections. The truth about the Kaiser's height may be known by the comparison above shown between him and his five stalwart sons, who are marching side by side from the Castle to the Zeughen's Place to give the pass-word

A Peer's Daughter on the Peers

exceeded by the philanthropy, amiability, and charm of his young wife, who was a daughter of the Rev. the Earl of Strafford, and whose tragic end has filled all England with horror.

* * *

Dinners and Politics

Banquets and receptions for the Government and the Opposition are, of course, the invariable precursors of a new Session. The inner man must be fortified against the attacks of the enemy. At Lansdowne House, Lord Lansdowne's political dinner, on the 11th—the day preceding the State Opening of Parliament—is followed by the always brilliant reception of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the new Mistress of the Robes. On the same day the Prime Minister gives a dinner; Lady Portsmouth receives for the Government; and, to return to the Tories, Mr. Balfour—who, by the way, was Lord Lansdowne's fag at Eton—is politically hospitable. The story goes (and the re-telling is invariably much enjoyed by the ex-Prime Minister) that the post of fag to Lord Lansdowne was no sinecure. "Miss Nancy," as Mr. Balfour was nicknamed, so kind, kind and gentle was he, found himself not only constantly on the run, but also seriously impeded in his love for the study of those philosophical 'ologies which he so much preferred to the pursuits of the playing fields. And, talking of philosophy, I understand that that other accomplished student of it, Mr. Haldane, has managed to put his foot into it rather severely. His slightly premature letter of sympathy and pro-Americanism to Washington, in connection with the Jamaican incident, has caused just the tiniest suspicion of friction between the Minister for War and Sir Edward Grey, his erstwhile colleague of the Liberal League. Sir Edward, as everyone knows, is rather a stickler for the diplomatic proprieties. This being so, therefore, it must have been annoying, to say the least of it, for him to find that his own admirably worded despatch had been entirely discounted by Mr. Haldane's less admirable eulogy of America at the expense of Great Britain's representative. It is possible, therefore, that we shall not hear so very much of the eminent and erudite remodeller of the British Army for a day or two.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lady Frances Balfour

Who is shortly giving a lecture on the House of Lords at Camelford House, Park Lane. She is one of the most distinguished advocates of Woman's Suffrage, and is a daughter of the late Duke of Argyll, and the wife of Colonel Eustace Balfour, brother of the ex-Premier

* * *

A Peer's Daughter on the Peers

Lady Frances Balfour could scarcely have chosen a better time in which to announce that she would shortly give (at Camelford House, Park Lane) a lecture on the House of Lords. It having been officially announced that the forthcoming Session was to be opened, not by a Home Rule Bill, but by an organised attack on the House of Lords, it will be interesting to hear what the daughter of the late Duke of Argyll has to say on the subject. Lady Frances, too, is one of the most distinguished of those women who publicly declare their demand for a vote, and there is still a chance that the Female Suffrage Bill may, in spite of the slight cleavage of opinion which occurred in the Labour ranks at the Party Conference at Bristol the other day, come up for discussion. The relationship of her ladyship to the ex-Premier, Mr. Balfour (she is the wife of his brother, Col. Eustace Balfour), also adds piquancy to an already sufficiently piquant political situation. A regular Argyll in appearance, very slim and fair, with a calm demeanour, Lady Frances, in spite of her slight lameness, gets about a great deal, is an indefatigable worker in a good cause, and a fluent and delightful speaker. Born a Campbell, she was also, of course, born a Presbyterian, but now both she and her sister, the Duchess of Northumberland, profess the Irvingite faith. Her husband is, by profession, an architect, but, otherwise, known as an enthusiastic Volunteer officer (Queen's Westminsters). He is a fine figure of a man, as tall as, but very much broader and more robust-looking than his more celebrated right hon. brethren, Arthur and Gerald.

* * *

Rome

In Rome there is already an air of Spring. In social Rome a brilliant season is in full swing; people are making the most of their time before the fatal Ash Wednesday, which so summarily stops all Roman gaiety. A whisper is going the rounds that, after Easter, King Edward's projected cruise in the Mediterranean might bring him to an Italian port, in which place a meeting between the King of England and the King of Italy would very surely take place. In Papal Rome the conflict with France continues. There is likely to be controversy over the possession of the Farnese Palace, which is desired by three separate bodies; and the remains of the late Pope Leo XIII. are this month to be transported from St. Peter's to the basilica of the slum-surrounded St. John Lateran, where the great bronze singing doors sing an organ note, and Michael Angelo's "Pieta" hangs in the vault of the church—arranged theatrically with a yellow light thrown upon it. For a time the great white-marble sarcophagus in St. Peter's, the transitory resting-place of dead

The Re-opening of Parliament

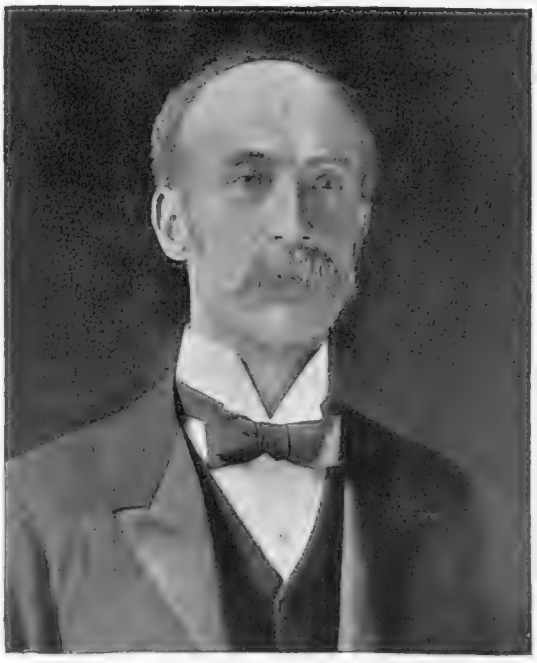


Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Lansdowne

Who is entertaining the Opposition Peers at Lansdowne House on the eve of the opening of Parliament

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

Who is entertaining the Opposition Commons at Carlton House Terrace on the eve of the opening of Parliament. In spite of the Tariff Reformers, he remains the nominal and the real Leader of the Conservative and Unionist Party

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.

Whose telegram to the American Secretary of State on the Swettenham—Davis incident has attracted such wide and unexpected attention at the hands of his critics

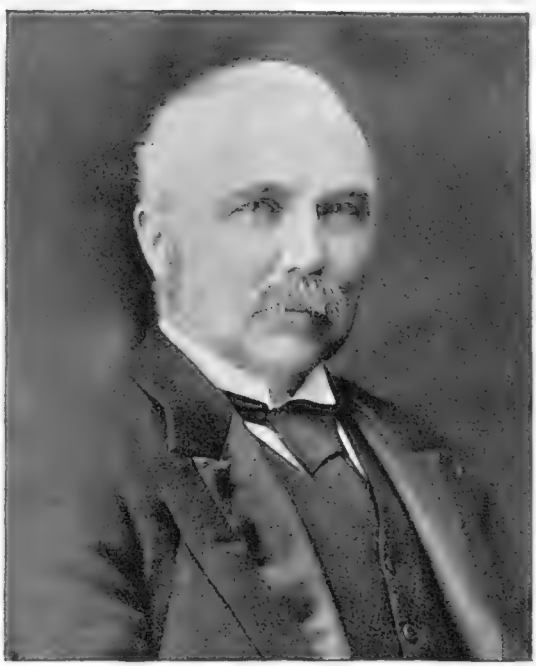


Photo *Mendelssohn*

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.

The Premier, on whose brilliant success, after a year in office, supporters and opponents alike are agreed

THE HOSTS OF THE TORIES AND TWO LIGHTS OF THE LIBERALS

Mid-Winter Spring in Rome

Popes, will, therefore, remain untenanted, though it does not look as if it would long remain so. The gentle, peace-loving Venetian Pope, cramped with the awful limits of the Papal life, has, it is said, no very tenacious hold on existence. Despised from the first by his *entourage* for his humble birth and for his lack of that guile which so distinguished his predecessor, Leo XIII., he has been "put upon" from the beginning. The Patriarch of Venice never wanted to be Pope. He wept most bitterly when they crowned him, and at once broke through tradition by desiring to take his walks unattended by the guard. But such simplicity was soon put a stop to, and to-day there are many who say that Pope Pius would find release, even by the way of death, not in any way unwelcome.

Keats's house in Rome

The poet's dwelling-place on the Spanish steps, in which he died, has now been taken over by an Anglo-American Association. It will be endowed as a museum to the memory of Keats and Shelley

* * *

Pius the Peacemaker

Without doubt, the notorious would-be friendship of the one-time Patriarch of Venice for the House of Savoy has done much to modify the feud which once existed between the "black" and the "white" sections of Roman Society. Not that the feud is entirely dead, but to-day some of the greatest families owe allegiance both to Pope and King. The great Roman family of the Colonna, for instance, is divided against itself—half black, half white—since one prince allowed himself to be made Syndic of Rome, while the other is a *persona grata* at the Vatican. Daughters of the "black" supporters of the Papal claims marry into the new aristocracy; sons of the new nobility—the "white" supporters of United Italy—marry the impoverished daughters of those great "black" families who, to their subsequent impoverishment, so ardently championed the Papal cause in the year 1870. *Débutante* daughters are presented to Queen Elena as well as to the Pope, and Pius X. has even granted audience to the Queen's ladies. At English and American Embassy functions "black" meets "white" almost in friendly fashion. They agree to differ, that is all; they have no quarrel about it. Names such as the Barberini, the Boncompagni, the Antici-Mattei appear on a dinner-list which also includes the names of many "whites." Indeed, it is said that if the Pope could have his way, he would meet the "Savoy usurper" more than half way with the olive branch. Certainly, Queen Margherita has been received by the Pope at the Vatican, and certainly, too, the Duke and Duchess of Genoa were accorded Royal honours when once they attended a Papal function in St. Peter's.

Spring in the Winter in Rome: The Pincian Garden on a fine Sunday in January

A walk on the beautiful slopes of Mount Pincio is very delightful just now, when Spring is already in the Roman air. From the garden can be enjoyed the finest of views of the Eternal City and its clusters of churches and ancient monuments

Fox-Hunting in Rome

A meet at the Aqueducts

Fox-hunting in Rome is almost equal to that at Pau, or even Gibraltar. The Rome Hunt is the oldest on the Continent, and is Mastered by the Marchese di Roccagiovine. Foxes, though plentiful, are often lost, as earth-stopping is not attempted. Meets take place twice weekly, and the foxes, at any rate, find the ancient aqueducts and temples very good cover

The Austrian Ambassador | The Marchesa di Roccagiovine | The Marchesa Guiccidi | The Duchess d'Aosta

The meets take place a few miles outside the walls of Rome, at Villa Tor Fiorenza, at the Café Divino Armore, near Decima, and at Tre Fontane

Mlle. de Lützow, daughter of the Austrian Ambassador to the Vatican | The Princess di Teano

Hunting is indulged in by all the leading members of Roman Society, and the going on the Campagna is excellent. The Duchess d'Aosta, wife of the ex-heir to the throne of Italy, is one of the hardest riders, and the Princess di Teano, a grand-daughter of the late Lady Walsingham, and a constant visitor to England, also seldom misses a run

Society's Doings in Rome

The Loyal "Blacks"

But to the Italian heart these intimate feuds have become so much a part of themselves that it will be hard entirely to destroy them. There have been "blacks" and "whites" since before the days of Dante, and the hatred of a colour or a name is bred in the bone of a race. The Florentines still distrust the Pisans, scoff at the Sienese, and fear the Romans, and all unite in sneering at Naples and Sicily. It is the "blacks" who cling so fiercely to their prejudices, their shadow of a throne, as the Jacobites cling to the Stuart cause.

* * *

Photo *Dickinsons*

Sir Edward Stewart-Richardson

Who has set off with his wife, Lady Constance, for a tour of Northern Nigeria, for exploration and big-game shooting

Diplomatic Rome

As I have said, it is to the different Embassies that fashionable Rome looks for the greater part of its entertainment, and it is also in part to this ambassadorial hospitality, together with the Savoyard sympathies of the Pope, that the partial merging of the "whites" and the "blacks" is to be attributed. A great reception at the British Embassy, where Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton dispense British hospitality, often begins, and generally winds up, the Roman season. The receptions at the Austrian and Spanish Embassies, at which, as each have two Embassies, one to the King and one to the Pope, the fusing of *nero e bianco* is not involved, are unsurpassed for brilliancy. The transference of Mr. Henry White, U.S. Ambassador to Rome, to Paris is universally regretted. He and his wife and daughter are extremely popular. Mr. White's office in Rome has been distinguished by one notable innovation. In April last year, to meet Monsignor John Ireland, the American Archbishop, about whom there has lately been a little friction, four Cardinals were entertained at the American Embassy. Never, since the memorable year 1870, have Italian Cardinals accepted hospitality from an Ambassador accredited to the Italian Court. Up the State staircase, half a hundred lackeys holding torches high above their heads to light them, they came, Cardinals Mathieu, Martinelli, Satolli, and Vannutelli, and were surrounded and received with all that traditional pomp which is accorded to the Princes of the Church.

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Royal Tea-Parties

The Queen of Italy's tea-parties are a popular feature of the Roman season. Some twelve or thirteen ladies are commanded to the Palace, and the proceedings are chiefly distinguishable for their simplicity and their utter absence of formality. The Royal children are sometimes to the fore, especially the baby Prince Humbert of Piedmont, and the graciousness of Queen Elena is more marked than ever on these informal occasions. The tea itself, too, is of the simplest, unlike the Sandringham tea, which someone once said was a "delightfully greedy" one. Light cakes and a minute cup of tea are all that is offered one in Rome. At Sandringham, cockle soup, ham and eggs, sandwiches galore, and an infinitude of sweet things are set out on a long table in the hall. The Queen always presides at one end, Princess Victoria or a lady-in-waiting at the other. The King, very often, absents himself, but a search would reveal the fact that His Majesty had retired to his own particular sanctum to partake in peace and quietude of a Sandringham tea, with perhaps a couple of choice spirits beside him.

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Photo *Esmé Collings*

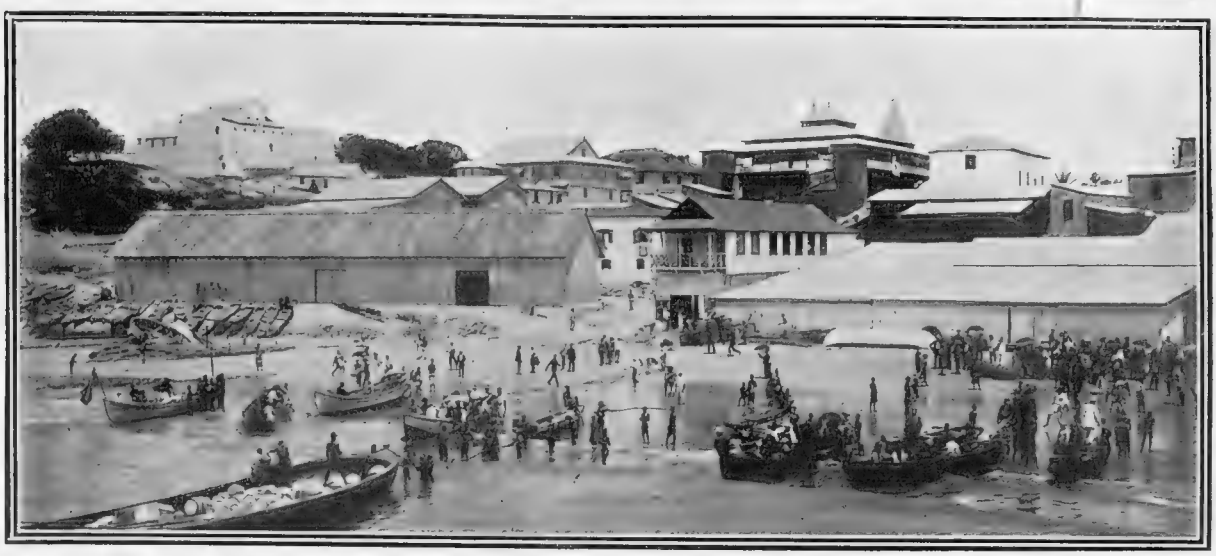
Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson

In Scottish full dress. She is a noted all-round sportswoman, and the daughter of the second Earl of Cromartie. As she is a first-rate shot, Nigeria will prove a fine field for her skill

Some Roman Hostesses

Fox-hunting, always a favoured Roman pastime, has this year been more popular than ever, and last week the first meet of the stag-hunting season took place at the feudal castle of Bracciano, for many years the property of the Orsini family, but now in the possession of Prince Odescalchi. Next to hunting, golf, as at Biarritz, is the most favoured outdoor pursuit, and the most regular *habitués* of the links this winter have been the American Ambassador and his daughter, Sir John Barton, the great civil engineer, Count Moltke, and the Count and Countess Bottaro Costa. The latter, too, must be included amongst the chief of Roman hostesses, as must also Lady Herbert of Lea, another *personâ grata* at the Vatican, and the mother of Lady De Grey; Mrs. Hulbert at the Palazzo Sciarra, the Princess San Faustino, Mrs. Draper, the wife of the ex-Ambassador to the Quirinal, the Dorias, the Princess di Teano, granddaughter of the late Lady Walsingham, the Duchess di Sermoneta, and Baroness Franchetti, the handsome American wife of the Deputy Baron Leopold Franchetti. Amongst the masculine hosts of Rome, none is better known than Mr. Richard Bagot, the novelist. Mr. Bagot, who is the author of many charming novels, the scene of all of which, I believe

Opening Up West Africa



Commerce on the Gold Coast: Natives preparing to board a mail steamer at Sekond.

Railway Enterprise in Ashantee: Arrival of a train at Mansu

Photos] View of Sekondi, one of the principal ports on the Gold Coast [*Bunnett*

Attention is again being drawn to Britain's West African dominions, and public opinion is slowly but surely getting to look upon them as something other than "white men's graves." The amalgamation of the colonies of Northern and Southern Nigeria under one Governor, and the appointment of Sir Percy Girouard, the famous railway engineer and campaigner, to the High Commissionership, is taken as prophetic of great railway development in West Africa generally. Further, the remorseless war against the mosquito is resulting in the appreciable decline of malaria, which, once exterminated, will mean a wholesale improvement in trading conditions

The Prince of Wales's Visit to Devonport

is laid in Rome, is a descendant of the Earl of Beverley and of the fifth Duke of Northumberland. He was, at one time, a Knight of the Sovereign Order of Malta. He, however, resigned this honour in 1901 on the publication of articles in the *National Review* and the *Nuova Antologia* on the political attitude of the Vatican. He entertains everyone at his quarters in the Via Somma Campagna, and is altogether very popular in Roman Society.

* * *

The Keats-Shelley Memorial

The poets are to the fore just now in Rome. The works of that erotic and wonderful sensualist, Gabriele d'Annunzio, are, at present, the subject of a special examination by the Congregation of the Index, and may be condemned, like Zola's, *en bloc*. But then it is more of an honour than a disgrace to be included in the Index. To be left out is to argue oneself unknown. It is a "Who's Who" of the literary moralities, and I believe even the Censors admit the beauty of d'Annunzio's style, and appoint that his descriptions of scenery may be read without sin. The house upon the Spanish steps where Keats met that death which he declared to be "Life's high meed," has, at last, been purchased by English and Americans. It is proposed, when the necessary funds have been collected, to establish in this house a library and museum to the memory of Keats and Shelley, and it is to this end that the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have lent Stafford House for a concert and an exhibition of relics of the two poets on March 29. Lord Crewe, Lord Curzon, Mr. George Wyndham, and Mr. George Leveson-Gower, are on the executive committee, and the songs on the programme will consist entirely of settings of verses by Keats and Shelley.

Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont

Commander-in-Chief at Devonport since 1904, and late British Commissioner in the Dogger Bank Inquiry. Entering the Navy in 1860, he became a Rear-Admiral in 1897, and has a long record of service behind him

Photo] **The Admiralty House, Mount Wise, Devonport** [*Heath*

The residence of Admiral Beaumont, where the Prince and Princess of Wales are to stay for the opening of the Keyham Extension Works next week

"First in the Field!"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Watching a Bobsleigh Race

Photo *Ballance*

A bobsleigh negotiating a difficult corner on the Klosters Run, Davos

Bobsleighing is now in full swing in all parts of Switzerland, particularly at St. Moritz and at Davos, where the International Bobsleigh Race was held a few days ago. The "Union Jack" was the winner of this year's race

A Restful Ice Diversion

Photo *Ballance*

Playing "Noughts and Crosses" on the Lake at [illegible]als, Switzerland

When the more active forms of amusement on the ice—skating, curling, and the like—pall, winter sportsmen in Switzerland easily find something quiet to rest them. One of the favourite of the ice "parlour games" now in vogue is seen above, where a party are indulging in the homely game of "noughts and crosses."

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

"When Knights were Bold"

The adverse luck of Mr. James Welch in the matter of plays has become quite a subject for comment. His new venture is not of a kind to break the spell. The new farce by "Charles Marlowe," otherwise Miss Harriet Jay, is of a kind which almost baffles criticism. It belongs to the species of farce which cleaves humanity into two great classes—the class which can laugh without reason, and the class which cannot. There is some reason for laughter in the play, but not much. The author must have realised the weak and non-laughter-compelling passages in the play, for she has adopted a highly original expedient. The first act is such as could hardly raise a titter (I will not say a loud laugh) in one of vacant mind. So the fair author has pressed the members of the cast into her service. She makes them laugh heartily. They enter giggling, they punctuate their dialogue with bursts of merriment, and they make their exits amid perfect salvos of mirth. The consequence is that the audience, carried away at times by the sheer tomfoolery of the play, commence laughing, with the feeling that the characters have stolen a march on them. This gives an uneasy tone to their laughter. It is depressing to feel that the characters have been given such big handicaps. One is possessed by the idea that one can never make up the ground and overhaul the characters in the last lap. Here is the plot in tabloid form. Sir Guy de Vere, a dapper little baronet, is bored by the incessant prattling of his guests about his ancestors and the "times of old, when knights were bold." He nurses a cold (this is not a rhyming paragraph) with such copious libations of whisky that he dreams he is living in A.D. 1196. His guests have likewise changed periods. Isaac Isaacson, who hatches a ridiculous plot to marry his daughter to Sir Guy—this conventional stage Hebrew has become old Isaac of York, for whose blood the crowd crave; the Rev. Peter Pottlebury, another character taken from the stockpot of farce, has become a Prior of Orders White; Sir Guy's cousin, Lady Rowena, has become an abbess; and Sir Brian Ballymote, one of the stage Irishmen who make us think with complacency of the many injustices we have heaped upon Ireland—Sir Brian has reverted to an armour-clad villain, who fights *à outrance* with Sir Guy. The reader will guess that the presence of the modern Sir Guy, wearing a dinner-jacket among this mediæval crowd, constitutes the flinty situation from which the playwright strikes her sparks of humour. Sir Guy calls for cigarettes, he drinks sack and nearly expires, he boxes with Sir Brian, he does things which start in me a melancholy train of thought. Life suddenly becomes very difficult. Life takes on the likeness of a plain—vast, monotonous, oppressive, without hope and without solace. Every man's hand is against me. Why keep up the senseless struggle to bear up against the flouts and sneers of a mocking, uncharitable world? The salt tears well up in my eyes; there is a big lump in my throat. "No, no!" I cry, as Sir Guy dons armour over his evening dress, "this is too bitter!"

M. Coquelin

Who has been playing, last week, with his entire company from the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, at the Royalty Theatre in several of Molière's and other plays

The last act does but add to the burden of sorrow. Sir Guy wakes up, and revenges himself upon his guests by giving them their fill and a bit over of the "times of old." He spouts blank verse, and chases them round the Castle with a two-handed sword of burlesque proportions. Deeper I penetrate into the Halls of Gloom; the mists of sadness curl fantastically about me; in my ears there sounds all the despair of all the ages. The curtain falls. I shiver as though the wing of tragedy had touched me. Relief comes from an unexpected quarter. As I slink, a bowed figure of grief, into the lobby, a solicitous voice arouses me,

London's Latest Theatre

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S "PLAYHOUSE," WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK

Photo Dover St. Studios
Mrs. Cyril Maude
(Miss Winifred Emery)

Photo "The Bystander"
A corner of the "Playhouse," showing the armchair stalls
The ground floor of the theatre is given up to two hundred stalls, each of which is a comfortable armchair with loose cushions. The old-fashioned lamps seen at the end of the dress circle are also a novel feature

Photo Dover St. Studios
Mr. Cyril Maude

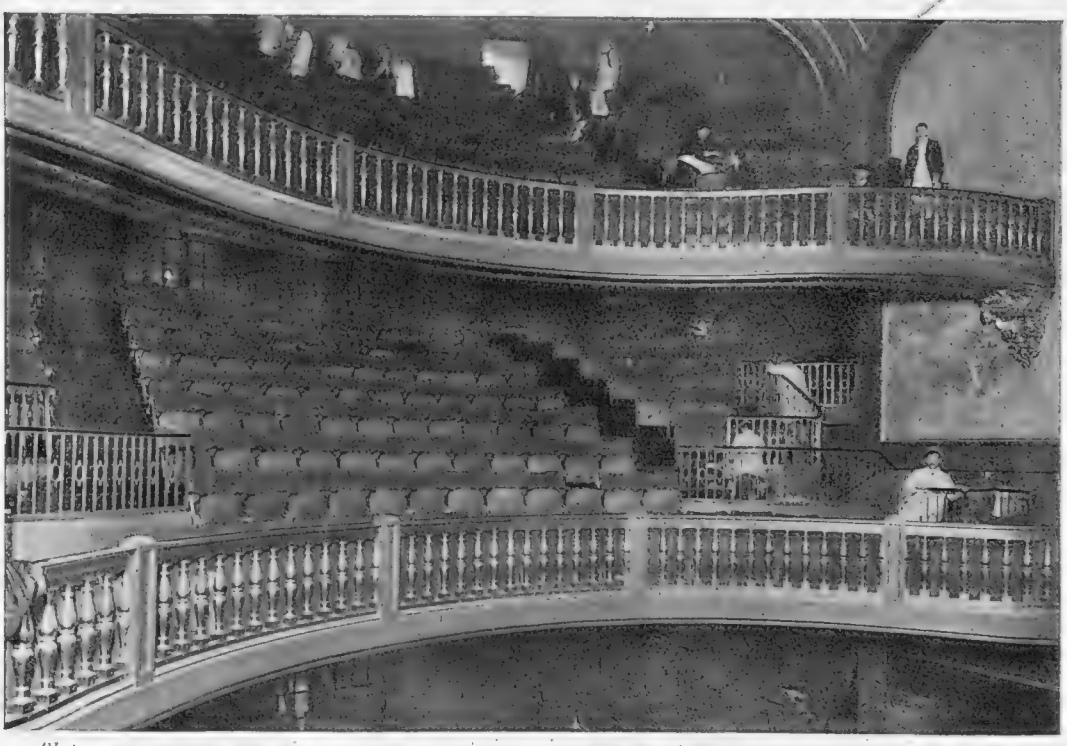


Photo "The Bystander"
A general view of the new "Playhouse," formerly the Avenue Theatre
This photograph shows the absence of a pit, while there is a promenade at the back of the stalls. The "gallery," so called, is formed by the two last rows of the upper tier, but even here, in common with all other parts of the theatre, seats may be booked in advance. The theatre was opened on January 28 with *The Drums of Oude* and *Toddles*

"Cab, Sir!" It is the commissionaire, who takes an interest in my procedure. His kindness is too much. I pass out into the night crying bitterly.

The next morning I am sufficiently recovered to chronicle the fact that Mr. James Welch hardly left the stage the entire evening; that he bore himself so lightly that one was not impressed (one should never be) by the vast amount of collar work he got through; that of the rest of the company there is not much to be said.

A DIATRIBE UPON DICTION

Last week limited space compelled me to omit certain reflections upon the art of distinct speaking arising from Mr. Bourchier's revival of *Macbeth* at the Garrick Theatre. The players have been criticised in some quarters for their "pedantic utterances." I beg to differ.

The elocution of Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier is so finished as to show up their fellow-players in a very poor light. I am referring not to the members of this company particularly (though it numbers some indifferent speakers), but to the general body of the profession in London.

In these days it is common to sneer at people who "elocute." If by "elocuting," the scoffers mean giving every syllable its value, and delivering the verse with such attention to the light and shade as to charm the ear, and to banish that bogey—monotonous intonation; then, for Heaven's sake, let us have some more actors who "elocute"!

In a modern comedy a young player can get through with very little training.

In search of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens

"Are you one of them lorst boys what lives under the ground?"

(By J. Hammer)

He Clips His Words, and Gabbles,

thereby giving a faithful imitation of how people speak in real life. Let this inexperienced player appear in Shakespeare, and he will be floored by the first speech. It is impossible to declaim blank verse without serving an apprenticeship under a clever master. There are many young actors in London earning good salaries, whose training in declamation has been limited to a few months in a Shakespeare *répertoire* company in the provinces. Once in London they take good care never to leave it, if they can possibly help it. Time passes, during which their stage work consists of playing a minor part during the long run of a successful modern comedy. They forget their early training (such as it has been). Consequently, when, after a lapse of years, they again appear in Shakespeare, their manner of delivering the verse is sufficient to set one's teeth on edge. It is as distressing to hear Shakespeare's verse delivered by these incompetent actors as it is to listen to a person singing out of tune. There are actors in London, commanding a salary of £20 a week, who would do well to join an elocution class. If they cannot find such a class, let them advertise in the papers and they will find plenty of needy old actors only too willing to teach them, for a few shillings a lesson, more about declamation in one week than, at the present rate of progress, they are likely to learn in a year.

THE PLAYHOUSE

I was not present at the opening of The Playhouse. I learn that it was a most enjoyable evening, and one which marks the advent of Mr. Cyril Maude, after many vicissitudes, into the Land of Prosperity. I am also informed by a discerning critic that Mr. Shaw's interlude played better than it read. This is good hearing. E. C. S.

THE EMPIRE

The latest Music-Hall mission appears to be to inculcate the minds of their patrons with a love for Art. This they profess to do by exhibitions of living pictures and statuary, and, judging by the large audiences that nightly assemble at the houses where such turns take place, the love for Art is becoming very highly developed in the B.P. We have had La Milo and The Seldoms at the Pavilion, Miss Maude Odell at the Palace, and now the Empire is presenting a series of twenty living pictures and statues, reproducing masterpieces of British Art. "Hope," after the picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., "Cupid's Spell," after Henry Woods, R.A., and "Victoria Regina," after H. Wells, R.A., are, perhaps, the cleverest reproductions. The pictures also included Lord Leighton's "The Bath of Psyche" and "Wedded," Sir John Millais's "The Huguenot," and Marcus Stone's "A Prior Attachment." Lord Leighton's bronze statue, "Athlete Struggling with a Python," is marvellously well reproduced by Mr. Marcantonio. Arthur Prince, the clever ventriloquist, is once more at the Empire, and "The Débutante" ballet, with Mlle. Adeline Genée in the name-part, is still the chief item in the programme. R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Paris Theatrical World

The theatrical world in Paris has been waking up this week. M. Messager is now *directeur* of the Opera, and his new post enables him to follow the example of other *directeurs*, Antoine and Gémier, and write his future plans in the *Matin*. He intends to repair, he writes, the greatest of all public grievances—lack of originality. New operas will be performed, and new singers will have a chance of appearing. M. Messager seems to agree with the idea that theatres, like papers, are often better run on new lines.

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"Les Bouffons"

"Sarah has got the hump." Such is the expression used by a contemporary to announce the fact that the great actress is playing the part of jester. Some people thought it was employed to describe her disappointment about the "red ribbon" she has never been able to obtain, the red ribbon which this week has been given to Poynter Redfern, artist *couturier*, but persistently refused to Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest of all dramatic artists. Think what the divine Sarah has done for the French language throughout the world. Think of the services her talent and her *voix d'or* has rendered to struggling playwrights; and the other evening she certainly did justice to Zamacois' play, *Les Bouffons*. Who is Miguel Zamacois? Everybody seems to be asking that question, and nobody seems to know. The name sounds Spanish; but the man's work is so good, he will not remain much longer in obscurity. It is some time now since Paris has seen such a satisfactory play; we seem to have had such an overdose of *choses ennuyeuses* that the criticisms one hears walking about the *foyer* are more than welcome. "A new comic poet," the author has been called, and his play is a delightfully funny fairy story. He has not had to wrestle with a great matrimonial problem, nor has he chosen a much-involved plot; he just asks and answers a question: What does woman most admire in man, brains or beauty? The plot is very simple, but gives the author, nevertheless, a chance of employing plenty of wit. A ruined baron, De Maupré, lives in his castle with his daughter, Solange, a charming maiden of seventeen (on the stage, Mlle. Greuze, who plays this rôle, would pass for fourteen). Dr. Oliver, who also resides with the couple, persuades the Baron that his daughter is ill, and that she needs a jester to amuse her. Amongst the persons who apply for the post are two sham jesters in search of amusement, two young men who are determined to fight out the problem of Beauty *v.* Brains. One of them, Narcisse, represents beauty. Jacasse (Sarah Bernhardt) represents brains; and, in order to give her intelligence a fair chance, she adorns herself with a hump.

Spain's new Premier
Señor Maura, the Conservative leader, whom King Alfonso has just instructed to form a Cabinet, the sixth in eighteen months

* * *

An Admirer of Things English

Naturally, when woman is the judge, brains carry all before them. Solange not only admires, but falls in love with Jacasse, and the story ends like the good old fairy tale: they marry and live happily ever after. As I said before, the rôle of Jacasse suits Sarah to perfection. She plays it as no other person in Paris could play it. It resembles, I am told, her first success, *Le Zanetto*, of François Coppée. As a rule, her least successful parts are masculine; this is an exception, and the moment her slender figure appeared on the stage there was a general feeling that the play was to be a success. It seems almost impossible that this handsome youth is the grandmother of the young lady I have seen painting in Julian's academy. Who knows if she, too, will not follow in her grandmother's footsteps, for, of course, the *atelier* was Sarah's first step in a long and glorious career. Mme. Réjane will shortly be giving us *Ma Cousine*, one of her most successful plays, at her own theatre. Conversation with this clever actress is most comforting, she admires so

many English things. Our evening dress pleases her; our comfortable theatres and the English girl has a very high place in her estimation. Many times has she taken up the cudgels of the French girls, and not without success. "Give them more liberty," she says; "let them see the world and enjoy themselves." At present she is giving matinées of *La Souris* for their special benefit. Yet the French girl is much less to be pitied than she used to be. Etiquette often allows her to go out alone, and the Lyceum Committee are doing their best to provide her with a club.

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The Triumph of the Kaiser

It requires a certain philosophy of mind to consider with due composure the results of the recent Reichstag elections. Social Democracy in Germany has received a severe set-back. The peace party, on whose victory it is to be concluded our own peace-at-any-price party built their hopes and projected their economies, has been defeated. If I had any talent as a caricaturist, I should illustrate the Kaiser and his people as they must appear at this moment to many—the schoolmaster and his children. First of all, he scolds and threatens, and then he coaxes. "Unless I can have my own way, I shall go away and leave you," he says, practically. Then, seeing that this menace has very little effect, he tries a softer attitude. "It is forty-eight years, now, since William Hohenzollern first came upon this earth for the benefit of humanity: ought not his people to make him a handsome birthday present? With what kind of Reichstag will they present him?" Now, after many weeks of waiting, weeks of feverish activity for all parties, the Kaiser has received his birthday present, and he is satisfied.

Although right up to the day of the elections the Press prophecies were varied, few seemed to expect the composition of the new Reichstag to be as it is. And whom has the Kaiser to thank? His able Chancellor, who, with the assistance of the ever-active Herr Dernburg, has been able to cause trouble and disunion between the Socialists and the Catholics. Never before in the history of Germany has such an alliance been made.

For many years now, since the days of Bismarck, Caprivi, and Hohenlohe, each Chancellor has governed with the assistance of the all-powerful Catholic Party. Every day this formidable body was becoming more and more pretentious and strong, and a source of great danger to a despotic Government. The storm had to break one day. The West African Colonial question offered an opportunity. Then followed the dissolution of the Reichstag.

Once the Reichstag dissolved, for a little while the Government remained embarrassed. On which Party, now, should it lean? Should it forget the preference it had always given to the Catholics? "First of all," said the Chancellor, "separate the two Parties; that is my only chance of success." He appealed to their patriotism, he appealed to their loyalty. "He who supports the Socialistic Party,"

Photo *Manuel*

For which does a woman most admire a man—Brains or Beauty?

That is the problem suggested in *Les Bouffons*, a play by an unknown author, Miguel Zamacois, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt plays the part of Jacasse, a hunchback jester. Though her impersonations of male characters are not as a rule her *forte*, an exception must be made in this case, which all the critics acclaim as one of her greatest successes

Photos *E. N. A.*

THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS DE GUISE

Who are intimate friends of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Owing to their fondness for English fashions and customs, Danish papers call them more English than the English. The Duke is a Captain in the Danish Army, and the Duchess a Princesse of France

he said, "is not worthy of the name of German." In attacking the Socialists in this manner, he knew that their blows would fall on the Catholic Party, who had supported him. Such, then, was Bülow's policy. He has not calculated badly. For twenty years, the Socialist Party has been marching on steadily; now it has taken a big step backwards, according to the opinion of many; but their failure at this moment, however, has to do with the refusal of Colonial loans (a subject of vital importance at this moment to Germany) as well as with Bülow's policy.

* * *

The Kaiser's Activity

The Kaiser is delighted with his birthday present. Never, in his own opinion, has he been so popular. He has passed weeks of wild excitement—writing, telephoning, and speaking. At every possible opportunity he has allowed his people the pleasure of gazing on his august person; and now, it is said, each time he jumps into his automobile, the Imperial chauffeur has to hoist an Imperial Standard over His Imperial Majesty. It is certainly a long time since he was so vociferously cheered by his people. Fifty thousand of them waited in the snow to shout their "*Hochs!*" as he drove to the Opera to a special performance he had chosen for himself, *The Postillon de Longjumeau*. "For their superb present I thank my people," he said; but is it as valuable as he expects? There is, however, one fly in the Kaiser's ointment. It is the Clerical Centre, and that this will prove, as it has proved before, a pricking thorn in the Imperial side seems pretty positive.

Spain's Many Cabinets

No longer can France retain the first reputation for quick-change Cabinets, for Spain has just appointed its sixth Cabinet in eighteen months! Of this number, five have been Liberal, while the one just elected is Conservative—apparently by way of a pleasant diversion. The Liberals everywhere feel much aggrieved at the conduct of the leaders of their Party, who have been so busy quarrelling among themselves that they have been quite unable to attend to the measures which their supporters wished them to carry through Parliament. The country is very fortunate, therefore, in having for its monarch a King who, though young, evidently is not lacking in tact and common sense; and lucky is it that Spain is not a Republic, or goodness knows what International complications might have resulted through this little-minded attitude of the Party lately in power. The news, therefore, that King Alfonso has, very wisely, requested the leader of the Conservative Party, Señor Maura, to form a Cabinet, will come as a relief to the country as a whole.

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We think we may say we are doing that when we insure our readers against accidents as fully as this:—£2,000 if killed in any train, omnibus, tramcar, or cab accident within the United Kingdom; £1,000 against death caused by accident at sea; £1,000 in case of Total Disablement; and £500 in case of Partial Disablement. You buy THE BYSTANDER for 6*d.*, sign the coupon—unless you subscribe for six or twelve months, when you do not need to sign the coupons—and we do The Rest. See Page II. of cover for particulars.

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, will portray the progress of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN RA

DUDLEY CLEAVER

The Gilded Youth is waited on hand and f

SCENE THE FIRST

KE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on the "road to ruin," as the phrase is understood two centuries after Hogarth's time

foot by his devoted parents and their minions

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

Worldly Short Story No. 60

DOUBLE DUMMY

By

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

A WOMAN and a tall, stooping man were walking through the garden of a grey, squat house on the Cornish coast. There was the smell of salt in the air, and when the moon stole through the clouds, the silver smudge in the South revealed the near presence of a dead sea. It was a quiet winter's night, when all shapes are blurred by the thaw of *tenebræ*. The pair had been talking in familiar, unrestrained fashion, but as they neared the house a silence fell upon them.

There was a bright light shining from a small window to the left of the entrance, where an old gas-jet flickered mournfully. When the glare from the uncurtained panes caught the woman's eye she stepped from the path, and, drawing her companion after her, crossed the turf to a point from which a full view of the little room was obtainable. A man was seated within with a book on his knees, his face turned towards the window. His was a dark-featured, rather sinister face. The eyebrows were very thick, and the black hair rough and wild. The eyes were large, expressionless, and in their tired, gloomy stare there was no small suggestion of cunning. The two watchers stood gazing into the room for some minutes before the man broke the silence.

"You have not told me what the latest report is."

"He went up to see the oculist to-day," replied his companion. "He had not returned when I started for the Vicarage."

"Perhaps I had better not come in." They were moving slowly back to the path, away from the window.

"Perhaps not," sighed the woman. Stopping, she gave him her hand. He drew her towards him. She stepped back nervously, but the man insisted, and winding his arms round her, kissed her soft, cold face again and again. A tiny moon shaft outlined their clinging figures, for the sake of the man within, who now stood at the window, and then flickered away to caress the blade of a great hedge-knife that lay forgotten in a bed of rotting leaves. The man at the window smiled cynically, and spread out his hands in a gesture that would have struck his stage admirers as very familiar. He then resumed his seat and covered his eyes with his white, feminine fingers.

"I am very late, Adrian, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Cotsford later, a little nervously, as she bustled into the room. She was a young and very pretty woman—her husband's second wife—but the weakness of her chin and mouth revealed again the actor's invariable inability to judge character. She stood by the side of his chair, and brushed some cigarette ash from the lappel of his coat. He drew her head down and kissed her on both cheeks.

"How warm your face is, Mary." She laughed uncomfortably, and began to remove her furs.

"I suppose you have been to the Vicarage. They are very hospitable there."

"They really are," assented his wife, with more composure, "and the old man is so glad to have company."

"It must be a very great pleasure for him to have his son with him again. Didn't you say young Trewalla was stopping for the full extent of his leave?"

"Yes. It is so good of him to spend all his time in this dull village," she replied.

"The modern officer isn't usually of such an unselfish turn of mind. You ought to ask him up here now and again to dinner." Mrs. Cotsford never felt so amazed in all her life. She had been so sure that her risky relations with Captain Tom Trewalla, both here and in London, had raised some suspicions in her husband's mind.

"But you haven't told me yet the result of your interview with the oculist," she suddenly said. "I hope he found you better."

"In a week's time I shall be blind," announced Mr. Cotsford, correcting the time of his watch by the big clock on the mantelpiece.

"Oh, Adrian, don't joke about it."

"In a week's time I shall be blind. The atrophy has progressed more rapidly than was anticipated. My only hope lies in the operation which Pinnington is arranging shall be performed in about four weeks' time by a German specialist who has been phenomenally successful in treating my type of case. Pinnington says I can't hope to see him earlier, as he's in such great demand, but he does not think that it will necessarily be too late next month when

(Continued on page 291)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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The New Photographic Portraiture

A Study. By Elias Goldensky, of Philadelphia

A recent criticism by a well-known French photographic artist asserts that in England there is a growing tendency to sacrifice artistic aims to mechanical perfection. "*Qua* art," he says, "a pure photograph is but pianola art, at the best." The series of portraits by American photographers now being shown at 24, Wellington Street, by the *British Journal of Photography*, by whose kind permission we reproduce this example, gives an idea of the kind of photograph that is *not* "pianola art"—*i.e.* the impressionist portrait-study, which is first a work of art, and only incidentally a likeness

The New Photographic Landscape

A charming study in winter sunshine by F. Ormiston-Smith

(*Published by Ormiston-Smith Bros., Grindelwald*)

(*Continued from page 288*)

this man comes to London." Mrs. Cotsford sat staring at her husband in dazed fashion.

"You—will—be—blind!" she said, mechanically. Her husband shrugged his shoulders.

"It's no use worrying about it, my dear, until the question as to its permanency is settled. At present we'll assume that it is merely temporary. You will have the trouble of leading me about for a few weeks, I'm afraid, but not for longer, in all probability. Pinnington has enormous faith in the German." To Cotsford's disappointment, his wife cried very bitterly and miserably. He was not quite sure what she ought to have done—the situation had never previously arisen for his stage-management—but tears were certainly out of the picture.

Adrian Cotsford was an actor-manager of great talent, who was a little too severe in his tastes to achieve permanent success in London—a city with a nonconformist intolerance of masterpieces that refuse to commit suicide after forty-five nights. In the provinces he was adored with frankly ritualistic ceremony, the silver trowels in the drawing-room of his Hanover Square house symbolising everything, from the lordly approval of Birmingham to the raw idolatry of Barrow-in-Furness. Cotsford was theatrical to his finger-tips; but he had inherited from his Celtic parents an imaginative gift which, though sufficiently warm to make his "creations" original, was so sternly kept within bounds by his acute sense of balance that it would have been quite impossible for him to have presented an insane Hamlet. He had a very hearty, though never expressed, contempt for Edward Walker, his principal rival in the highest theatrical sphere, whose brilliantly hysterical readings he considered designedly unnatural in order to escape the criticism of comparison. He nicknamed "dear Edward" "Whimsical Walker," and on his own make-up case he had the words "For Hecuba" engraved, lest he should be tempted to robe the call-boy in a cassock.

For his wife he had no particular affection. He had been a little flustered—aye, even at the age of forty-three—by the overwhelming beauty of her eyes and hair, the perfection of her clinging, whispering clothes, and the majesty of her niece-hood to an Archbishop and cousin-hood to a great racing baronet. He tired of her physical beauties in a month, acquired familiarity with her sartorical wiles in much shorter time than that, and got such a dickens of a snub from Mary's "vulgar little uncle" that he actually began to fear that his wife was under-bred. She soon gave up accompanying him on his provincial tours, and lived an agreeable life in Hanover Square among the trowels. Then men about town began to discover her. She ruled them all with a rod of iron, however, and the one man who was raw enough to mistake the droop of her underlip for a portent of passion for his fleshly person was made to look very stupid.

Then the actor's eyes began to trouble him. He went through the first months of his trouble in a frame of mind which verged from absolute terror to entire refusal to believe in the seriousness of his case. When the physicians were gravest, then it seemed that the sight was improving. When they spoke hopefully, he experienced some of his greatest qualms, such as when one night on the stage the mists before his eyes had been so thick that he nearly embraced the wrong actress. She was standing out of her proper place, it was true, but the now thoroughly terrorised man would not play again. The specialists ordered him away to his quaint old house on the Cornish coast, and the general public were merely informed that Mr. Cotsford was resting until the Spring.

Cotsford's delight at finding that at what was practically a day's notice his dainty little wife was attuned to renewing the affectionate relations of the first days of their married life was gratefully sincere. But after a fortnight's absence from Town it was borne in upon him that her part of the acting was becoming a little artificial. At this juncture he received a letter from Captain Trewalla, whose acquaintance they had made a year before whilst staying in this same village, announcing that he intended spending part of his leave with his father at the Vicarage.

From the hour of Trewalla's arrival, Cotsford enjoyed very little of his wife's company. He still believed, and rightly, that her pride would save her from making a false step; but his indignation at her conduct in an hour of such grim anxiety for him was very bitter, and grew all the more dangerous in that he kept it carefully suppressed. For the charm of Trewalla's personality Cotsford had a grudging appreciation; but, apart from the man's impudent appropriation of so much of Mrs. Cotsford's time, he hated him for the extreme vulgarity of his stare, the patronising silences with which he answered the actor's outspoken periods, and the mincing quietness of his views, having forgotten that these mannerisms were peculiar to modern good breeding.

. . . . . .

The week after his visit to the oculist passed uneventfully. Mrs. Cotsford was rarely away from home, and her tenderness rather surprised a husband who had created many philosophical characters. She did not seem in the least anxious to take advantage of Adrian's suggestion that Trewalla should be brought to dinner. In fact, it was Cotsford himself who eventually scribbled an invitation to the now considerably piqued young officer. Had it not been for the arrival of this note, Trewalla would have angrily returned to London.

The dinner-party was a very trying affair for the nerves of all three. Mrs. Cotsford, thinking it over in bed that night, shuddered to remember that she had eaten, perhaps, an ounce of anchovies, some wet breadcrumbs, the edge of a pheasant's leg, and an entirely illegitimate number of miniature pancakes. At first, Trewalla's presence had irritated her. Then, remembering her duties as hostess, she did her best to entertain him, and gradually realised that, as usual, he was entertaining her. Trewalla spoke in what Cotsford called his usual "recitative," but his blood was dancing with pleasure at the nearness of Mary Cotsford, her beauty more delightful than ever in this homely little dining-room. But it was not till late in the evening he was assured that his old power over her was undiminished, and for some hours he spent a very sorry time.

Cotsford boiled inwardly. Outwardly, he was terribly dull, emitting the most appalling platitudes about telepathy, a subject introduced by Captain Trewalla. Somewhere about the fourth course, he announced blandly to his guest that he was going blind.

"My wife may have told you that I have had some very ugly news about my eyes."

"No. Surely they are improving?"

"I am expecting my sight to fail entirely at any moment now, and it will be some weeks before the operation on which everything depends can be performed." Cotsford wondered would he stare, would he be silent, would he be startled at last out of his mechanical monotone? Trewalla paused to listen to the grim announcement with a spoonful of custard in his hand, but before making any comment, he swallowed the custard nonchalantly; his apathy in the face of such a tragic announcement struck Cotsford as not merely disgustingly cynical, but the very height of unconventional bad taste.

"Are you sure you are going to the right man?" he asked at length. Cotsford cleared his throat and emptied his champagne glass. Later on, Trewalla was gracefully sympathetic on the subject, while his host played a merry accompaniment with filberts and the nut-crackers. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, Trewalla explained carefully, with the aid of chairs, how far and how high he had made his charger jump in the regimental mess. At eleven o'clock the gay evening ended, and on the following morning, Mrs. Cotsford went golfing with Captain Trewalla.

Two days passed, and Cotsford had not yet referred to any change for the worse in the condition of his sight. His wife and Trewalla, who were pledged to silence concerning the doctor's warning until after the German specialist's operation, persuaded each other that the danger was past, and nonchalantly pursued their flirtation. On the third day the blow fell.

Mrs. Cotsford was escorted home from the Vicarage by Captain Trewalla late in the evening. There was a light, as usual, in the library, but Trewalla, who strolled from the path for the purpose of glancing in, announced that the room was empty. Mrs. Cotsford had scarcely inserted her latchkey when the door was opened by a servant. The girl was white, and had been crying bitterly.

"Oh, ma'am, the master!" she gasped, hoarsely.

"Quick, Peggy, what has happened?"

"About an hour ago, sir, he rang the table bell. I went up, and he says, 'Is the light gone out, Peggy?' Of course, it was full on, and I told him. Then he rubbed his eyes, and pushed the things on the table away from him. It was him upset the ink, not me. And then he said, 'Lead me upstairs.' Oh, ma'am, is he blind?—is he blind?" The girl again burst into tears.

Trewalla helped his half-swooning companion into the library. The lights were still as Cotsford had left them. There was a half-finished letter on the table—a letter to a photographer—and by its side were a number of proofs of magnificent photographs of the actor in his latest part. The overturned ink had made a huge black pool on the green tablecloth, though, fortunately, it had missed the creation of the photographer's art. Trewalla was going to put his hat on the table when something in him protested. Grinding his teeth, he banged his hat on his head, and poured out two glasses of brandy. One of these Mrs. Cotsford drank.

Presently the still trembling woman got up and walked to the door as if she had forgotten Trewalla's existence.

"Good-bye, Mary!" She turned to him sharply, pressing her gloved hands to her face.

"Will you go—now? Will you—ah, yes. Good-bye!" He bent over her hand and strode out of the house. On his way home four little words danced continuously in front of his eyes. "Will you go—now? Will you go—now?" Cotsford was damned, done, no longer to be reckoned with, German specialist or no German specialist. An optic nerve, in which the atrophy had so far progressed as to cause blindness, was beyond the aid of science. The operation, not due for another fortnight, would be performed too late. "Will you go—now?" It was a strange problem, but Trewalla slept soundly that night. It is a way they have in the Army.

Mrs. Cotsford found her husband's door locked, and she did not see him till the morning. It nerved her then a little to find him fiercely cheerful, and confident of the success of the coming operation. But his grip of her arm as she led him from room to room was very painful. His helplessness, how subtle its reproach! His keen, strange stare; how forbidding and merciless it made him seem! And this was to go on for days, perhaps for ever! Was she to be left alone with him always? Had she only to bear the burden of assuaging his torture?

No letter came from Trewalla, nor did he call.

"What has happened to your military friend?" asked Cotsford, one morning after his wife had finished reading aloud the morning correspondence.

"Perhaps he felt that you would rather be alone until after the operation," suggested Mrs. Cotsford. The bell rang at this moment, and the servant announced Captain Trewalla, who appeared dressed in motor costume. He shook hands cheerfully with Cotsford, reminding him that only one week remained now before the operation and its certain success. Cotsford smiled and tattooed with his fingers on the arm of the chair.

"And now I want to ask you if I may take Mrs. Cotsford for a drive in my car? I don't believe she has been out of the house for a week." Cotsford frowned at first, but finally he nodded.

"Yes, yes, by all means. Mary, you will be ill if you don't go out. You don't go out, do you?"

"I had rather not—not yet, Adrian. I have been in the garden a good deal. I shall not be ill." Trewalla laid his hand on hers. She drew it away sharply, but she noticed when he stood so close that his face was very worn.

"Go, Mary; I wish it," said Cotsford, rather harshly.

That night Trewalla came in after dinner, and sang and played for them. Mrs. Cotsford played very tastefully on the piano, and throughout all her selections Trewalla stood by her side, his hand laid caressingly on her shoulder. Then they sang together, and Cotsford, who had scarcely any appreciation for

(*Continued on page 294*)

Clad in Gold and Silver

ONE OF MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER'S MAGNIFICENT "CLEOPATRA" DRESSES AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Cleopatra of Miss Constance Collier is a striking study. She is here represented in her marvellous dress of shimmering gold and silver, which is only one of her many striking costumes

(*Continued from page 292*)

anything but the lightest and most obvious of melodies, professed himself immensely entertained. They went out into the garden when it became time for the guest to leave. The two men bade each other a cheery good-night. But, while the blind man stood on the path whistling, the other kissed the girl twice, in full view, holding her hands tightly. When he released her she bent her head over the gate, and her hot tears fell on the frosted wood. Then, very tenderly, she led her husband in.

Trewalla called every day, but Mrs. Cotsford contrived to see him rarely except in her husband's presence. And, though she was genuinely pleased to see him, she shuddered at the intimate little marks of affection that he could not restrain himself from showing, even when her husband sat in the room. Once he held her in his arms and talked quite composedly to Adrian of local affairs as he caressed her hair. He did not seem to realise the ugly insolence of his conduct, though it jarred upon her. Though a woman may not be virtuous she is always decent. Each day he greeted her more familiarly, spoke to her, even in Adrian's presence, more freely, and each day Mary Cotsford grew more miserable. The climax of her wretchedness came on an evening close to the day fixed for her husband's all-important operation.

Captain Trewalla had called late, just after Adrian had been led to his room. He had walked in without ringing. Mrs. Cotsford met him in the hall. She was carrying in her hands a pair of woollen slippers that Adrian always wore in the house, and Trewalla, seeing that she had come from the stairs, guessed that Cotsford had retired. He put his arm round her waist and led her into the drawing-room. The room was dark, and Mrs. Cotsford quickly struck a match and lit a gas bracket over the mantel.

Trewalla seemed very ill at ease. His hands were hot, and he walked up and down restlessly.

"The operation will take place the day after to-morrow, eh, Mary? Has he a chance? Can he possibly have a chance?"

"Tom, you should not have come here to-night."

"Listen, dear. My leave is up in a few days. Do you remember my telling you that I applied for a South African billet. The War Office wrote me to-day saying that I could have a staff billet in the Transvaal now, if I am medically fit. Shall I take it?"

"You should not ask me to decide."

"But if this operation fails—if he is blind always blind! Will you always live with him? Could you bear that?"

"It would kill me slowly, Tom, but I should do it. Perhaps I should find a way out, but not your way. It is so—contemptible. Who's that?" The door was open, and Cotsford stood in the room.

"Are you in here, Mary? Isn't it cold? Have you a light? Why are you in here? Did I hear you talking to someone?" Mrs. Cotsford turned to Trewalla, who stood staring fiercely at her husband, his face repulsively pale. He caught her eye, and quickly put his finger to his lips. The woman gazed back in amazement, for one—for two—for three seconds, but still he forbade her to speak. Her soft olive skin was pallid with fear. Then she stammered:

"I came to look for a book, dear. Perhaps I was noisy in the dark. Why have you come down?"

"I thought I heard someone talking. Are you coming to bed now? Peggy has gone, hasn't she?" He went out into the hall. Trewalla turned out the drawing-room gas and tip-toed silently to the front door. The blind man, feeling his way, was within an ace of touching him. Mrs. Cotsford shuddered as Cotsford felt for the rail of the staircase.

Thirty-six hours later Mrs. Cotsford was called by her husband to read a letter that the servant had brought in.

"I expect," said Mary, "it is from Sir James Pinnington, about the operation."

"Read it, dear." He held her plump arm above the elbow.

"'DEAR COTSFORD,—This is splendid news. When you left my house a month ago, after Rachter's operation, I must frankly confess I did not then share his and your optimism. But the fact that your sight has grown better and better every day since, convinces——'" Mrs. Cotsford struggled away from her husband, and held out her arms in an attitude so effectively original that the great actor subsequently drilled it into the heads of three leading ladies.

Cotsford was chuckling with laughter. "I have seen better the last few weeks than for years previously. I flatter myself the test was both original and thorough. But, Mary! What a bounder your military friend is!"

Mrs. Cotsford was dissolved in tears. To attempt to analyse them would be futile.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Photo *Eastham*

PRE-OCCUPATION

"The Bystander" in Three Continents

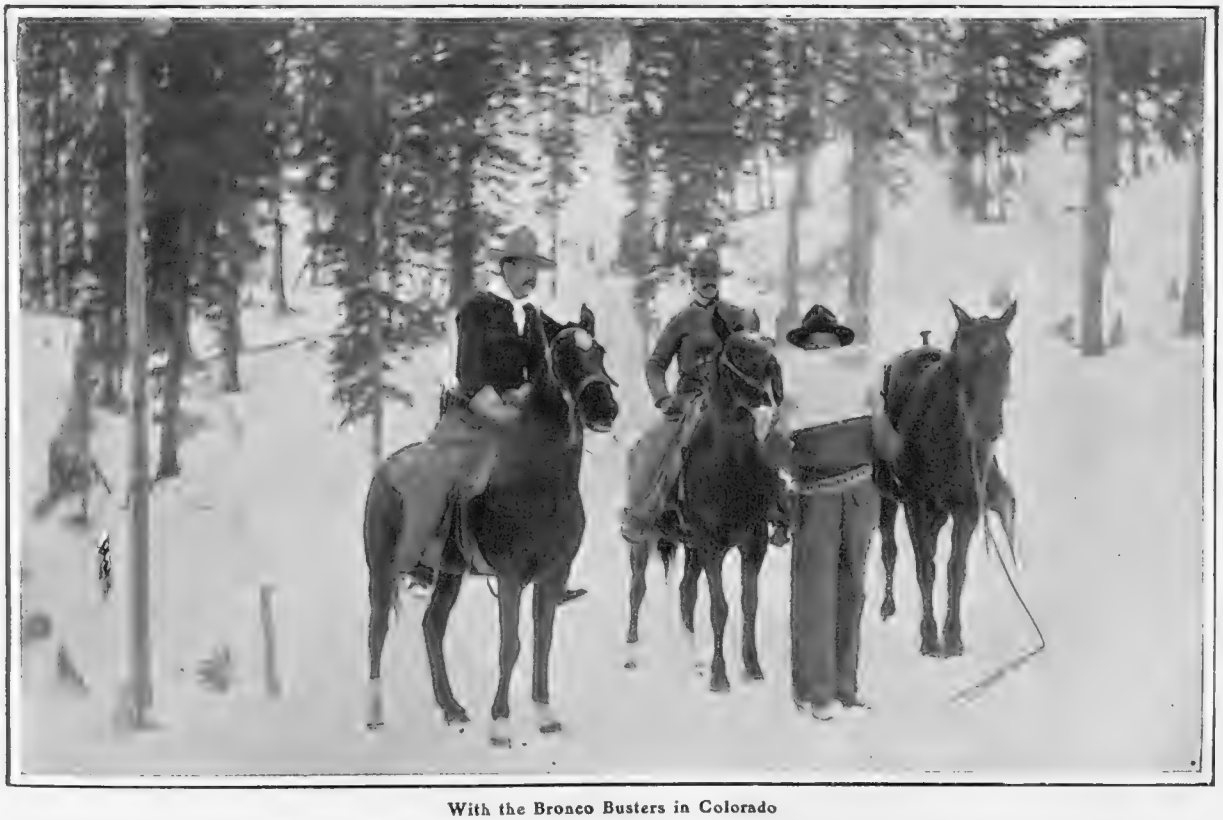
(Half a Guinea is paid to the sender of every photograph published on this page depicting readers in out-of-the-way spots)

A "living statue" near Lake Nyassa

The sender of this photograph, living in Central Africa, writes: "The native has scaled one of the 'small' ant-hills which abound on the shore of Lake Nyassa. The blacks in this part of Central Africa are very interested in the pictures in THE BYSTANDER"

Among the Ming Tombs, North China

Sent by MISS M. MCCARTHY, the Spanish Legation, Peking. The photograph shows two readers on a huge blue marble elephant in the Valley of Animals, leading to the wonderful but ruined tombs of the Ming Dynasty outside Peking. This avenue is half a mile in length, and contains gigantic marble statues of elephants, camels, lions, unicorns, and kilins, the latter being mythical and fearsome monsters



With the Bronco Busters in Colorado

The sender, MR. LESLIE W. BARNETT, Smuggler, Colorado, says: "The scene of this picture is Savage Basin, Colorado, U.S.A. You will see that even the 'bronc' is interested in the paper, and is trying to get a look at it over the reader's shoulder"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Who Will Be the New Cottesmore M.F.H.?

At the beginning of last week a member of the Cottesmore Hunt Committee told me that nothing definite had actually been settled regarding the future Mastership of the pack. This, of course, is an important question, and cannot be settled hurriedly. I understand, however, that it is not from the want of applicants that the Committee have not yet made an appointment. Some widely known sportsmen would be willing to take up this fashionable country, but their qualifications have to be earnestly considered, and sundry conditions must be imposed which are not always acceptable. For example, certain men will not take hounds unless they are allowed to hunt them themselves; but that is scarcely practicable in a country like the Cottesmore, with its vast fields and the tremendous pace which has invariably been demanded by the exacting followers of the pack since the days of Gilbert Heathcote and William Lowther. I have heard the name of Lord Lonsdale mentioned in connection with the vacant office, and though it is a good many years since we first knew him as M.F.H., I have no doubt that he would give satisfaction, for he knows exactly what the hard-riding Leicestershire field wants. His Mastership of the Quorn will always be recalled with pleasure. Then Mr. Charles McNeill's name has been freely spoken, and he did so well in the North Cotswold country that he would be assured of a cordial welcome from the Cottesmore men, with whom he has ridden side by side in many a stirring gallop. But the question will be definitely decided within a few days—perhaps before these pages are printed and published.

Photo *Whitlock*

Sir William Cooke, the Master of the Ledbury Foxhounds

Recently Sir William handed in his resignation of the Mastership, but an arrangement has been arrived at by which his services are retained to the Hunt, greatly to the satisfaction of the followers of the pack

The Future of the Grafton

Another interesting question is troubling hunting people in the Midlands. Who will take the Grafton? For there is now no doubt about Lord Southampton's resignation, and there is absolutely no likelihood of his going on with the hounds. I can quite appreciate that some sportsmen would be chary of accepting the command of the Grafton after the extraordinary experiences of the retiring M.F.H., and a regular follower of the pack tells me that it is a fervent wish that the Hon. E. S. Douglas-Pennant may come back to his old place. Even that seems unlikely in view of his relationship to Lord Southampton. This much is certain, that the Committee will never again assent to the new Master being his own huntsman. The Grafton cover one of the finest grass countries in the kingdom, the hounds, which belong to the Duke of Grafton, are among the most famous of their type, and the field, though sternly critical and highly exclusive, are not, on the whole, a bad lot to get on with. The chances are that from their own ranks they will be able to find a popular sportsman to take over the leadership, whose initial business will be to find a first-class professional huntsman.

Other Hunt Arrangements

From the Ledbury country it is excellent to hear that the little "rift within the lute" that caused Sir William Cooke's resignation has now been completely banished. Sir William has withdrawn his threat of retirement, and all is peace and happiness again in this pleasant Herefordshire country. I am glad to learn that the report of Mr. W. M. G. Singer's resignation of the South Devon is but an idle *canard*. The owner of Challacombe is still abroad, but he has not said a word to the Hunt Committee about giving up that position which he has filled with distinction for ten seasons past. From the West Country comes the tidings that Mr. John Williams, who has hunted the Four Burrow for many years, contemplates retirement at the close of the season; while it is also said that Mr. F. A. White, whose health has not been very satisfactory of late, will give up the Burstow in Surrey, a pack that has been showing remarkably good sport during his brief, but successful, Mastership.

Meets of Two Well-Known Packs

SCENES WITH THE PYTCHLEY AND MR. FERNIE'S HOUNDS

A Meet of Mr. Fernie's Hounds at Great Glen: Off to draw

These hounds have been maintaining their high reputation this season in their fine Leicestershire grass country

Photos *Topical Agency*

A Meet of the Pytchley Hounds at Crick, near Rugby: Lord Annaly, the Master, chatting with F. Freeman, the huntsman

The Pytchley have been in rare form this season, and much of their success must be attributed to their huntsman, who came from Yorkshire at the beginning of the season, and has made himself very popular with the Pytchley field

Footprints in the Snow

A correspondent sends us an interesting photograph of the trail of an industrious fox in the snow. The following particulars accompany the illustration :—

A fox is one of the most interesting animals to track, and his habits may most easily be learnt when snow is on the ground, for he then leaves an almost complete record of his actions throughout the night. On December 27 there was deep snow, so we went out to follow some tracks. We soon found that a fox had been on the move the previous night. He had crossed a pool on the ice, first standing on it at the edge to make certain it would bear his weight. (This we could tell from the deeper impressions in the snow and the position of his "pads.") There was a track of a waterhen across the ice, which he seemed to be following, but he did not catch it. However, later on, after searching a small plantation and some low bushes, he caught a blackbird and brought it out into the field and buried it in the snow so well that it was quite hidden. After this, he went on across two fields and came to some iron railings with wire-netting along them ; he had a look at one place, but did not get through there, so tried another place, and this time got through. Then he went to an osier bed, but finding nothing, came out again and saw something dark against the sky-line, so ran up to see what it was, and found it was only an old scarecrow. He then had a try for some partridges, which were roosting in the middle of the same field, but as they sleep facing outwards, they soon heard the snow giving way under him, and left in a great hurry. And so he went on disappointed, investigated a rabbit-hole, and then visited another osier bed, where we lost further record of his interesting night's travels.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Huntsman of Mr. Fernie's Hounds

Tom Isaac at the meet at Great Glen

Unearthing Foxes

It is noticeable that the question of unsporting methods of dislodging foxes from their subterranean retreats is again being discussed in the papers, and it seems to me that Masters of Hounds ought to give their staff strict and explicit instructions on this subject, for there are many people abroad just now who have their knife into hunting, and neglect no opportunity of giving the sport a stab in the back. Hunting people, therefore, would do well to give the faddists as small a chance as possible of attacking them on the score of cruelty. Some writers, I see, have rather unmercifully abused the author of the exposure of a very grave hunting scandal a little time back, but I cannot agree with them. The delicate position in which the writer in question voluntarily placed himself can readily be appreciated, but he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that the object of the exposure has been fully achieved, for there is small likelihood of the practice being continued. It is regrettable, perhaps, that this stone to cast at fox-hunting should have been placed in the hands of the ultra-humanitarians, but fair-minded people will appreciate the absurdity of condemning the sport just because of one insensate incident which happily stands by itself, and for which the whole hunting world has nothing but disgust and disapproval.

"Nicely Taken"

How Meynell Dealt With Offenders

Last week I gave attention to the subject of over-riding of hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's country. The drastic measure taken by the M.F.H. to punish the delinquents has been much talked about in the hunting field, and I hear that his action has had quite a salutary effect in countries other than the Badminton. It must not be supposed, however, that this offence of crowding on hounds and interfering with the work of their huntsman is in any way new. It has prevailed since the earliest days of the sport, and the Father of Fox-hunting, Mr. Hugo Meynell, had his share of trouble with people who, through ignorance or sheer perverseness, rode over or headed his hounds. One adroit method he had of reproving the eagerness of riders who got too forward is worthy of mention. The Master would put up his whip in a way that had been pre-arranged, and, at this signal, one of the whippers-in would immediately gallop alongside the delinquent. Thereupon Meynell would pour out the vials of his wrath on his servant, rating him strongly for pressing the hounds. Seldom was the lesson lost upon the real offender, and his impetuosity was invariably checked for that day at least. The antiquity of the offence forms, of course, no excuse for those who are guilty of it to-day, and it is sorrowful to have to add that in the Shires, at least, the ladies are not the most innocent parties in this direction.

A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

In an old work published in 1661, there is an illustration of "Le Chasteau de Richelieu en Poicton," showing a large mansion standing in the midst of a flat *parterre* of floral embroidery, without a tree or shrub anywhere near it. French gardening has made a great advance since then, but, with all its lightness and brightness, it still retains its artificial character, for which reason it is seen to the best advantage when

associated with masonry. One of the finest specimens in this country is the French Garden at Chatsworth. Where the grounds are extensive, this class of garden introduces variety, but English people generally, while clinging to artificial bedding arrangements on the lawn near the house, prefer the greater seclusion afforded by shrubberies and trees. If the latter are heavier and more sombre than the plants employed by the French, they relieve the monotony of flatness, provide cosy nooks and shady corners, and give the landscape gardener opportunities which he would not otherwise possess. The sunny bays at the outskirts of the woods Nature fills with her choicest wild flowers, and these are the positions which may be made most beautiful in the garden.

The Advantages of a Mixed Border

There is another advantage in the mixed border: it gives so little trouble. It was forked over lightly and carefully when the dead stems were cut away at the beginning of winter; it needs no attention now, and will need very little until winter comes again. There may be some gaps to fill, but, with the exception of an occasional hoeing and tidying, that is all. Of course, at intervals—of, say, four or five years—many of the herbaceous perennials should be lifted, and, if too large, divided and replanted after digging and manuring; but this is a light task compared with the perpetual alterations of carpet beds and the cultivation of the plants required for them. The work of replanting may be done at any time up to the end of March, but the sooner the better, if the weather is mild. While it is in progress, or before, it is just as well to consider whether any improvements are possible. Some of the varieties may be out of date; they should be replaced by others newer and better. Some of the colour combinations may be bad or ineffective—a fault not always easy to avoid before trial; they should be altered. It may be desirable to bring some of the tall plants forward or to set back some of the short ones; or space may be wanted for new acquisitions, and this may necessitate an alteration in the arrangement. Without some definite plan, such alterations are hardly likely to be completely satisfactory. Even with one, it may be found that, when the plants grow and flower, they do not harmonise well. What is to be done then? Perhaps the safest plan is to make a note of what is to be done, and to wait until the following autumn before doing it. But if the work is carefully performed the plants may be moved without injury, even when in flower.

H. C. Davidson.

Reynard's victim

Showing a blackbird which a fox had buried in the snow for future consumption. An interesting account of how Reynard's exploits can be traced, as indicated by his footprints in the snow, appears on the opposite page

In reference to the series of photographs illustrating "Big-Game Hunting in Equatorial Africa," published last week, we regret that certain discrepancies should have crept into the type owing to its not having been revised by Lieut.-Colonel Harrison before publication.—Editor.

Photo *Keene*

Chatsworth: The French Garden

The finest specimen of French gardens in this country is, undoubtedly, to be seen at the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Chatsworth

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"The Yoke." By Hubert Wales. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Ghost." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"Amazement." By James Blyth. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Flare of the Footlights." By Horace Wyndham. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

The Modern Novelist's War on Wedlock

The modern novel, so far as I can judge it, seems to be directed mainly towards abuse of the institution of matrimony. The novels I can recall which have dealt in a spirit of even grudging toleration with that particular habit stand out in striking relief. Whereas the old-fashioned novelist invariably rang down the curtain on a happy marriage, the writer of to-day nearly always rings it up on an unhappy one. Learning in Chapter I. that "they marry," we proceed to find that the couples "live happy never afterwards." We enter a dreary world of incompatibility, infidelity, envy, hatred, and malice. Love is only sweet when it is illicit; solemnized, it is sour—that is the "teaching" of the modern "love" story. Perhaps it is truer to life than its mellifluent predecessor, in three volumes, with its ending at the eternal altar; but whether truth to life is any more a virtue in a novel than in any other form of art, those concerned in abstract problems may be left to quarrel over as they like.

Photo *Barnett*

Captain W. H. Bennett (Cheshire Regiment)

Upon whom the Sultan has signified his wish to confer the Second Class of the Imperial Order of Osmanieh and the Second Class of the Imperial Order of the Shafahat, in recognition of his services to Turkey. His Majesty has also accepted the dedication of his new book on Turkey, to be shortly published

"Amazement"

To my mind, the outspoken story of the woes of wedlock, and the sweets of co-respondence, is only made bearable when treated with humour, and not laden with purpose. Of this kind is Mr. James Blyth's *Amazement* (Long: 6*s.*) Mr. Blyth is positively one of the most attractive novelists of the day, though one of the worst of them in his apparently fervid dislike (as a novelist!) for the married state. *Amazement* thrashes that state almost mercilessly, though ironically. A healthy young Englishman (Harold Mortimer) is beguiled into hurried matrimony with a designing minx (Fanny Bateman). He had met her when the nursery governess of Montagu, his *parvenu* uncle, who was himself compromised with the lady, and engineered the match to avoid his own liabilities. The match is, of course, a failure. The couple mutually irritate each other; other lovers supervene; and the Divorce Court brings "happiness ever after" between only those whom God had not joined together. There is no other "purpose" in the book than, I suppose, to castigate with new whips the sacrament started in the Garden of Eden. Mr. Blyth, however, sketches his types admirably. Harold is that *rara avis*, a genuine young man of the 'Varsity breed, shorn of the conceits so freely attributed to his species by other novelists, while Fanny is no less a real type of the lower middle-class miss of minx-like methods. The *parvenu* Montagu is finely drawn, and intensely familiar; while some healthy philosophy is imparted to the story by the introduction of a couple named Harvey, who have had the courage to lead a united life unconsecrated at the altar. That, however, Harvey and his companion would have been any less model and idyllic if they *had* been married is scarcely made clear. Mr. Blyth represents that they would not; that the ties of matrimony would have imposed an intolerable strain on their affection, and as they are his friends; and not mine, I will not question his superior information.

"The Yoke"

In his second novel, *The Yoke* (Long: 6*s.*), Mr. Hubert Wales, the author of "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers," the book which aroused a discussion on "propriety in literature," is appreciably less a man with a purpose and appreciably more a pure story-teller. His object here is straightforward psychology and he gives us emotions in original combinations. The "yoke" is the Omarian yoke of "unpermitted pleasure, under pain of everlasting penalties, if broke." It is borne by the heroine, a still beautiful "maid at forty," who, when twenty, had adopted a two-year-old orphan boy. At forty, she is still charming: the boy has arrived at amorous maturity. Angelica discovers that her love for the boy, when grown up, is something other than foster-maternal. At a given moment, too, the boy realises that his love for Angelica is something other than foster-filial. The discovery is made in a duly dramatic fashion. The boy has asked Angelica's permission to have a "night out" with a friend at the "Empire." Angelica knows full well the meaning of that phrase. Scenting possible corruption for the one she loves, duty combines with latent passion, and, Venus-like, she wooes him to stay and give his love to her.

They are happy. In time, Angelica makes the inevitable sacrifice. Maurice meets another girl, falls into conventional love with her, though retaining, in measure, his feelings for Angelica. Angelica bids him marry the other girl, and he at last obeys. Mr. Wales's material here is simple enough, and he shows marked power in his treatment of the various climaxes. The problem raised is not, perhaps, a very direct one. People can sympathise, or not, with Angelica's conduct, according to their moral lights. If Mr. Wales seeks to prove it to have been right, natural, and noble, then I imagine he will succeed, so far as his reader is broad-minded and human. Perhaps a finer *dénouement*, from the artistic point of view, might have been made had Maurice, at the end, proclaimed his undying devotion for Angelica, and allowed the other little affair (which, after all, was of a somewhat conventional kind) to lapse. Thus would he have closed his piece on a questioning discord, leaving the resolution to the muted strings of the reader's mind, instead of on the more commonplace tonic major of conventional matrimony.

A Light Ghostly Story

Mr. Arnold Bennett waxes most mysterious, and is inclined to be creepy, in his latest novel. But this is, perhaps, scarcely odd, seeing that he calls it *The Ghost* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*). The "ghost" which haunts its pages is something new in ghosts—it is a ghost with a policy, a go-ahead spectre who is not merely content to stand by wailing, but gets, as it were, right on to business. It is—

A malign and jealous spirit—using his spectral influences to crush the mortals bold enough to love the woman whom he loved on earth.

Here is an idea of epic dimensions which might well have fired the muse of a poet and inspired a modern musician to unheard-of tonal hideousness. Mr. Bennett, however, is content to treat it quite lightly. The woman on whose lovers the spirit wreaks his vengeance is an operatic prima donna (Rosetta Rosa), and death is dealt out successively to her lover, Alresca (Wagnerian tenor, and some time Lohengrin to the heroine's Elsa), and to her impresario, Sir Cyril Smart. When, however, the turn comes for the spectre to make away with the hero of the story, a young medical man, Carl Foster, who, as it were, "comes into" the love for Rosa of Alresca on that gentleman's death, there is a great and crowning scene in which the woman intercedes with her phantom follower, and which results in his retirement from the business, and in a happy union. I think the theme is sufficiently a poetic one to have called for a little deeper treatment than the one vouchsafed. The light comedy of the opening, and the somewhat colourless character of the young hero, do not sufficiently suggest the occult to the reader, who, prepared for a normal story of manners with a musical interest, is inclined to scoff as he discovers, later on, that the thing is a phantasm. The ghostly interest is, as a matter of fact, left too late in the story to have the desired effect. The avenging phantom's hand, in the seizure of Alresca while playing Lohengrin, is not clearly enough indicated. The reader's suspicions are not aroused until he has got out of the humour for spectral thrills, when they do come, however forcibly they are administered by Mr. Bennett's vivid pen.

Miscellanea

Two books useful to tourists at the present season are to be recommended, viz., *French Law and Customs for the Anglo-Saxon*, by Arthur S. Browne (The Health Resorts Bureau: 2*s.* 6*d.*), and Mr. Eustace Reynolds-Ball's *The Tourists' India* (Swan Sonnenschein: 10*s.* 6*d.*).—Mr. Horace Wyndham, whose "Audrey, the Actress" was so successful a story of stage life, has just had published *The Flare of the Footlights*, whose title sufficiently betrays its subject-matter. Mr. Wyndham's style is bright, and his descriptions exact; while, as a characteriser of theatrical types, he is, perhaps, more realistic than any other novelist of the day.—Those who too long have founded their ideas of Omar Khayyam on "The Rubaiyat" will be glad to welcome *The Testament of Omar Khayyam* (The Wasiyyat), and other poems, by Louis C. Alexander.—Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster's novel, *The Folly of the Wise* (Long: 6*s.*), reaches me too late for notice in this issue, but shall be dealt with next week.—*A Commutation of Sentence* is the title of an amusing story of criminal endeavour (incidents in the life of Samuel Snubbins, Sneak Thief), by C. Malcolm Hincks (H. J. Drane).—*The Mill*, by Mr. Ralph H. Bretherton, deals with the good-natured struggle between two men for mastery in a village, and is a very interesting study of types. Fiction has not many more exciting episodes than the long fight at the end of the book, in which the best man undoubtedly wins.

V. C.

Photo Copyright "*The Bystander*"

Mr. Dudley Cleaver

A rising young black-and-white artist, the first of whose series of pictures, entitled "The Modern Rake's Progress," appears on the double centre pages of this week's BYSTANDER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

To Play or Not to Play

It does not often happen that the weather beats a golfer, given fairly ordinary circumstances. There are, of course, conditions of rain and snow when the golfer prefers to sit in a cosy club smoking-room, either discussing the failings of other players, or relating his own prowess to the inattentive ears of his cronies who eagerly await the moment when his story shall cease so that their own may commence. Rain, to be sure, will not always stop him, but thickly lying snow completely baffles him. But it rarely happens that a cold wind will absolutely deter him from attempting even to start. That, however, was my experience on the day I wrote these Notes, and it sent me on a train of moralising as to the extraordinary fascination of a game which can defy all but the very worst conditions. But let me first make my humiliating confession of defeat and get it over. I had intended to play at Mitcham, but when, in the company of a few other enthusiasts, I made my short way from station to club-house, in the teeth of the most icy east wind I have ever encountered, I recognised that my round, if such an ordeal had to be faced, was likely to be bitter, prolonged, and painful. My fellow-travellers and myself were not encouraged by the sight of two earlier enthusiasts who had been out already and had achieved nine holes, and who were endeavouring, with the help of a roaring fire for the outer man, and glasses of sloe gin for the inner sufferer, to restore a semblance of warmth to their frozen anatomies.

A Battle with the Elements

They counselled caution, and advised us strongly not to venture on the chilly delights of a battle with the elements. "If you want something really nice and breezy, just wait till you get out to the third green," said they. I really thought it most humane of them, for the usual impulse of our fallen and erring natures is not to interfere when we see a chance of a foolish fellow-mortal suffering a similar painful experience to the one through which we have just struggled. Putting, they further stated, was the most weird thing in the world. The light and airy rubber-core is, as we know, a tricky sprite at any time on a putting green, but when it encounters frozen worm-casts on its painful struggle towards the hole, then it behaves as though possessed by a thousand devils. Had Dante but been acquainted with golf, he must surely have added to the horrors of his Inferno the ceaseless endeavours of disembodied golfers (punished for some of the many sins of omission or commission that all of us perpetrate during our golfing career) to hole a lively rubber-cored ball on putting greens thickly infested with icicles.

Two Daring Veterans

Personally, I can only recollect having been stopped once before by the weather, and that happened years ago on the Brighton course, where a snowstorm came on just as my partner and I had completed the first hole, and by the time we had got back to the club-house the links were completely snowbound. But at Mitcham there was no snow, but only this knife-like wind. It looked possible to play, and while qualms of conscience at my cowardice assailed me, my cup of humiliation was filled to the brim by the sight of two very elderly white-haired players, who calmly left the snug shelter of the club, and proceeded to start their game as if nothing particularly untoward in the meteorological line was happening. Little recked they of ice-bound greens or ground, of chilled and numbed fingers, or of frozen caddies. Like the gallant 600, "theirs but to do and die," they meant to have two hours' exercise. Watching them, I understood at last the mysterious joys of the early-bathing-all-the-year-round-in-the-Serpentine enthusiast, and I admired the pluck and stamina of these two old sportsmen, who feared neither influenza nor any other fiend of like shape.

A Triumph for the Game

I wish I could have stayed to see the home-coming of these two heroes, and to witness their triumphant, if frozen, return to warm shelter. But prudence, born of a late encounter with our common enemy influenza, who, like appendicitis, is such a favourite diagnosis of the modern medico, bade me beat an early retreat by the next train shaping for Town. Still, I had the distinctly humorous pleasure of seeing another enthusiast go out, not to play a round, but—oh, ye gods!—to take a lesson in a remote corner from an unfortunate professional. I almost thought it a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But, though my stay at the club was brief, it was long enough to relieve me from any cruel strain in this respect. Pupil and tutor had hardly disappeared before they were descried hastening back. I take it that this must have been the shortest golf lesson on record. But, when I left, the two bold Vanderdeckens had not returned, and I was forced to the conviction that golf had once more achieved a triumph. For I ask you, what other game would lure two individuals of distinctly late middle-age to go out half an hour by train from London to a bare and shelterless common and battle for two hours with the iciest wind I care to remember, over ground in the worst possible condition for their pastime? I think I am likely to wait for the name of that other game for some little time. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Champion Figure Skaters at Vienna

The World's Figure-Skating Championships were held at Vienna towards the end of last month, in terribly severe weather. A blizzard raged, and several competitors and officials only narrowly escaped being frost-bitten. The Championship was regained by U. Salchow (Stockholm), the winner from 1901-1905 inclusive, who did not compete last year. G. Fuchs (Munich), who won in 1906, and also in 1896 (the first year of the event), was just beaten for second place by M. Bohatsch (Vienna), an exceedingly accurate and graceful skater. Mrs. Edgar Syers won the Ladies' Championship, as was expected, but in the pairs she and Mr. Syers skated disappointingly, doubtless owing to the fact that Mr. Syers was so unwell that he really ought not to have been competing. The winners were H. Burger and Miss Hubler, of Munich, though many thought that the skating of the other crack English pair, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who were placed second, was superior to that of the first couple.

Miss Eastlake Smith

Who has just left England to play in the tennis tournaments on the Riviera

An ex-Captain on County Rugger

An old Rugby footballer, ex-captain of one of the leading "Old Boy" clubs, was discussing with me the other day the condition and comparative failure (at any rate, in the South) of county Rugby football, and some of his comments thereon seemed to me to be so much to the point that I will endeavour to reproduce them for the benefit of my readers. "A county cap," said he, "is regarded as a slight honour, but it does not necessarily mean that its owner is a player of more than average ability; while the matches themselves are simply looked upon as a useful means of getting some practice and keeping fit for the club match of the following Saturday. There is no real rivalry about county football, and consequently the play suffers. Nor can you wonder at it. In my time there were twelve of my fifteen who had county caps. Four played for Middlesex and four for Surrey, and the remaining four were divided up amongst Kent and the Midland Counties. Now, supposing Middlesex were playing Surrey, there would be four of our club in one team and four in the other. On the following Saturday, the whole eight would be playing on the same side in one of our big club matches, say against Blackheath or one of the 'Varsities I don't say that those eight men, four on each side, deliberately spared each other when they came into contact, but I know that they instinctively, and quite naturally, avoided any risks that might prejudice the club's chances in the match of the following Saturday. As we all know, a hard game is often less productive of injuries than a slack one; but, still, in these county games the dog-eat-dog idea *must* be present in cases like that which I have described; and when it is present the *thoroughness* which is essential to good football is wanting. And as long as the county qualification remains as it is now, I do not see how this state of things can possibly be changed. In the players' estimation, club matches will always be the first consideration."

The Solution of the Difficulty

I then asked him whether he had any solution of the difficulty to propose, and he admitted that the question was not an easy one. "Nothing," he said, "but a radical alteration of the qualification rule will do it. I think it might be possible to make the club the basis of qualification; and the way to do it would be to divide up the clubs among the different counties according, say, to the locality in which their grounds are situated, or, if that did not work, some other method of distribution might be found, and then a player would be qualified to play only for that county to which his club belonged. If he belonged to two or more clubs in different counties, he would have to make his election for the season and abide by it. A qualification of this kind would, I think, have more reality than the different kinds of qualification which exist side by side now, and, of course, members of the same club would never find themselves on opposite sides. Blackheath men would always play, say, for Kent; Richmond men for Surrey, and so on; and thus, in county games, club rivalry would be reproduced. In this way, too, club play would be really the backbone of county football. The clubs would vie with each other to get men into the county team, and the team itself would gain immensely in efficiency and combination. Moreover, it would really be representative of something; it would represent the best available team drawn from a given number of clubs. Nowadays, a county team cannot be said to be truly representative of anything, and its play is generally about as mixed as its composition."

Scotland's Win, And What It Means

The result of Scotland *v.* Wales last Saturday has sorely puzzled the newspaper pundits. When Wales smothered England, the Welsh Selection Committee were patted on the back for having the courage of their convictions, and recommended to persevere with the seven-forwards-and-eight-backs' formation; but now that Wales, with a team so constituted, has lost to Scotland, they are practically told that it serves them right, and Scotland is lauded for adhering to the "orthodox" formation. As a matter of fact, Saturday's game proves nothing more than that the formation adopted by Scotland was the right one for Scotsmen; it does not prove that it would have been the right one for Welshmen. One back more and one forward less is the outcome of the heeling and passing game pure and simple, which had its origin in Wales, and has never been thoroughly mastered except by Welsh teams. Scotsmen have coquetted with it without much success, and they are quite right in sticking to the traditional Scottish game, in which forward play of the so-called "old-fashioned" kind plays a prominent part. Nor must it be forgotten that on Saturday Scotland did not commence to score until Wales were a man short. When the seven forwards are beginning to get beaten, that extra man is very useful in defence; but here the extra man had to drop back into Winfield's place. And yet, in spite of that, Wales, but for a fine piece of tackling by Sloan, would have scored in the last few minutes. The motto of the match is, "Stick to the style which suits you best." Scotland played the right game, and there is nothing to show that Wales played the wrong one.

A Potential Lawn-Tennis Champion

In a game which is notorious for the comparative slowness with which its champions reach their zenith, Miss Eastlake Smith has gone far in a short time, and shows no signs of stopping at present. For the position to which she has at present attained she owes much to the late H. S. Mahony, who "spotted" her in her novitiate as a promising player, and not only encouraged her to practice hard, but also coached her himself in the art of volleying. Her progress has been quite sufficient to justify the belief that one day she will stand where Miss Douglass stands now. Her latest achievement in public was a victory in the Ladies' Singles at the Craigside (Llandudno) winter tournament, where she defeated, amongst others, Miss V. Pinckney—an opponent who had previously nearly always had the best of it.

Cross-Country

The course at Hook Farm, Bromley, where the South of the Thames Cross-Country Championships (seven miles) were decided on Saturday, was in capital order. Twenty-one clubs had entered and nineteen teams started, giving a total of 203 runners. J. Keywood (Kent A.C.) was first home in 42 min. 2 sec., fifty yards ahead of R. H. Backshall (Eastbourne), 42 min. 14 sec. The Kent A.C. also secured third and fifth places, with J. S. Satch and A. Williams, and won the Championship with 97 points, one ahead of the Cambridge Harriers "A." The corresponding North of the Thames event was easily won by the Essex Beagles, for whom G. M. Parkinson led almost throughout, and finished first out of 285 starters in 45 min. 58⅘ sec.

Photo *Photo Press*

The North of the Thames Cross-Country Championship: In full swing at Wembley

Two hundred and eighty-five competitors, representing twenty-five clubs, took part in the North of the Thames Championship, held at Wembley last Saturday. The event was easily won by the Essex Beagles, for whom G. M. Parkinson, the ultimate winner, led almost throughout

AN IDEAL FOOD FOR ANIMALS

ALTHOUGH the value of sugar as a food for animals has been known for over a century, it was found unsafe to employ it in its natural state in anything but the smallest quantities, owing to the molasses used containing a considerable proportion of potash salts. This difficulty was eventually solved, a few years ago, by an Austrian chemist, who used "sphagnum," or peat-moss, in combination with molasses, the chemical action of the former destroying the evil effects of the salts, and so permitting the use of the molasses in sufficient quantities to be really a food. The preparation was found to be an ideal food, not only for cattle and horses, but for every kind of animal, such as sheep, pigs, poultry, and dogs, possessing great digestive and antiseptic properties, and being both health-giving and health-restoring.

This unique preparation, named Molassine Meal, was introduced by the patentee to Mr. Frederick Livingstone, and in 1901 it was put on the market under the auspices of the Molassine Company, Limited, of which Mr. Livingstone is the chairman and managing director. An agreement was entered into with Messrs. Henry Tate and Sons, Ltd., to manufacture the new food, and the name of that famous sugar firm has been a guarantee of the genuineness of the preparation. From small beginnings the merits of Molassine Meal became widely known, until, at the present time, the firm, which has large and handsome offices at 36, Mark Lane, E.C., employs an indoor staff of sixty, and some thirty travellers.

In addition to being a valuable economical food, the regular use of Molassine Meal cures and prevents all ordinary complaints to which animals are subject, and, in consequence of the healthy conditions of the stomach created by its use, the animals are enabled to digest the whole of their food and to assimilate the entire nutriment contained therein. It is important to bear in mind that Molassine Meal is not merely a condiment, but is, as already stated, a most economical food of great feeding value, which should be given in place of oats, grains, or other feeding stuffs, and that its use reduces the forage account. If about three pounds of Molassine Meal are given to a horse daily in substitution of the same weight of other food it will keep him in perfect health all the year round, and prevent colic, diarrhœa, cough, worms, and other complaints. It will also give a glossy coat, and keep the horse up to his full capacity for work.

Mr. John Prosser, Sales Manager of the Molassine Co., Ltd.

The wonderful therapeutic qualities of Molassine Meal have been proved over and over again, as the many testimonials at the Company's offices testify. Since its adoption by the Paris General Omnibus Company, who have 15,000 horses in use, there has been a surprising decrease of cases of colic in their stables, and no cases of diarrhœa. The food is used by most of the Continental Armies, and 142 tons have been supplied to Woolwich during the past twelve months. Other large users are the great carrying firms, such as Pickfords, who have taken 500 tons in the last six months. In the course of a eulogistic article in the *Veterinary Journal* last year, Colonel J. A. Nunn, of the Army Veterinary Department, spoke very highly of Molassine Meal, saying that it seemed at once to fatten and harden the animal, and rendered a horse thoroughly fit. Molassine Meal is also a marvellous food for racehorses, hunters, and polo ponies, and among the well-known users may be cited Mr. Sherwood (Lord Rosebery's trainer), Mr. J. H. Stokes, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Lord Lonsdale.

For cattle, Molassine Meal is the most successful food ever sold to farmers; it improves the quality of the milk, making it rich in cream, and is very valuable for cheese production. It keeps young stock healthy and free from husk, gives them a good coat, and brings them to maturity quicker than anything else. Pigs are ready for market three weeks earlier when fed on Molassine Meal, and the worms from which these animals suffer so much are eradicated by its use. It also is the sheep food *par excellence*, eradicating worms, and preventing husk, hoose, gid, and other complaints. A perfect food for poultry, Molassine Meal has also proved itself invaluable for rearing pheasants.

No other food can possess the same unique, antiseptic, digestive, and other qualities as Molassine Meal. In granting an injunction last year for an infringement of the Molassine Company's patent, Mr. Justice Warrington, in the course of his summing-up, said that he had had evidence that it was very valuable as a nutritious food.

Mr. Thos. Hall's Copmanthorpe Performer, fed on Molassine Meal

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Petrol Supply

With the price of petrol rising in proportion to the increased demand, the proceedings of the Fuels Committee of the Motor Union assume an importance to every motorist. From the statistics for the past three years, it seems that the United States as recently as 1904 exported 50 per cent. of the petroleum spirit we consumed. Last year a strange contrast was shown, the Dutch East Indies supplying us with 61·4 per cent. of our requirements, while the States were sending us under 30 per cent., or less than half as much as the Dutch Indies. The reasons for the change in supply are partly explained by the fact that the American fields, which supplied the world with petroleum spirit in the past, are becoming exhausted, and partly by reason that, though new fields are being discovered, the centre of production has changed to the Gulf States and California. With the added cost of freight and the growing home demand, the falling off in exports is a natural consequence.

* * *

Dutch Borneo Spirit

At the risk of becoming too technical, I must, however, make some allusion to the fields in the East Indies, especially in Dutch Borneo. The output of crude petroleum from these parts is rapidly growing. Now, a suggestion has been made that Borneo spirit of ·760 specific gravity should be used for cars. If this were feasible it would mean that a very large quantity of spirit could be put on the market at a considerably reduced price as compared with petrol, less, probably, than half the present cost. Mr. S. F. Edge has been testing the Borneo spirit, and found it answer admirably, his Napier carburettor doing equally as well, as far as combustion went, as with Pratt's Spirit; the combustion was clean and clear at all speeds; the engine throttled as well and ran as fast, though it appeared that, when the engine was running very slowly, it did not seem to pick up quite as quickly. In horse-power, at a high number of revolutions, while Pratt's gave 42·9 h.-p., the Borneo yielded 42 h.-p. To sum up, Mr. Edge found that the Borneo could be used with perfect confidence, but when the engine was cold was a little more difficult to vapourise. These results are very stimulating to those of us who groan under a heavy petrol bill, especially in comparison with such a severe test as Pratt's Spirit. I shall return to this subject again another week.

Car-icatures—No. XII:
Lieut.-Col. R. E. B. Crompton, R.E., C.B.
Who first began to experiment in motor matters as long ago as 1861. He is one of the original members of the Automobile Club, and commands the Electrical Engineer Volunteers
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Motors at the Meet

On these pages, this week, is an interesting picture of motors at a recent meet of Mr. Fernie's Hounds. Not that the photograph is unusual in any way; indeed, its interest is centred in the fact that, wherever you attend a meet nowadays, almost an identical picture of a group of cars can be snapshotted. Yet, a few years ago, the car was supposed to be anathema to the hunting-man, who expressed his opinion of motors in language more often forcible than polite. To-day the hunting-man has not got to worry about special trains or spare horses; he has not to be up in the cold darkness of the early morning. He enjoys his breakfast, and arrives cheery and comfortable without the slightest effort. I don't pretend to be a hunting-man myself, but a friend of mine who is has remarked how much more amiable people are getting nowadays at Hunt meets. They used to be often grumpy and churlish, now they are jovial. I put it down to the cars.

* * *

Electric Trams v. Motor-'Buses

As evidence of the growing importance of locomotion problems to our eyes, behold the way the subject is being dealt with in connection with the County Council Elections. The South London Tramways, and the Council's policy in regard to them, is quite in the forefront of the battle between the Progressives, who as yet hold the reins of power, and the Moderates. There is no doubt that the elaborate and economical (as regards fares) system of electric cars has proved a boon to the poorer classes in the districts they cater for, but—and it is a very large but—in laying them down the Council incurred a huge expense, which it is doubtful will ever be covered by the receipts in a sufficiency to show a profit. The Council, like all public bodies, built them extravagantly, and were obviously obsessed with the idea that they were the last word for evermore in street conveyance. Of course, they are nothing of the kind. At the present moment anyone having a choice between taking

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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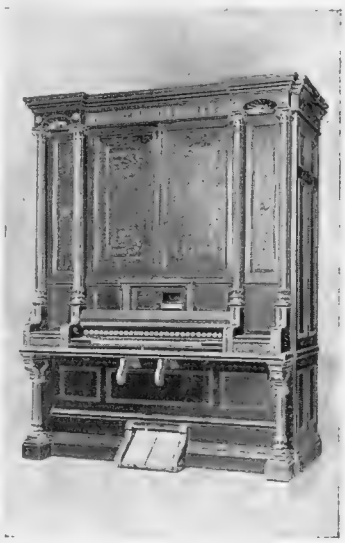
SIX GREAT OPERAS.

The other day Rosenthal was asked what six operas he would choose to hear if he could hear only six a year.

"I would choose these six," said Rosenthal, "Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' Weber's 'Der Freischütz,' Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' Wagner's 'Siegfried' and 'Die Meistersinger,' and Verdi's 'Aïda.'"

Now owners of an Æolian Orchestrelle are in a position to play all the operas that have been composed, and so they will be able to test how far their own judgment coincides with Rosenthal's.



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You are invited to call, or to write for Catalogue **11,** which gives a full description.

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Photo *Topical Agency*

Motors at the Meet: Cars at a meet of Mr. Fernie's Hounds at Great Glen, near Leicester

Cars are now familiar sights at the meets of every Hunt, for followers have almost entirely recovered from the prejudice they originally felt against them

an electric tramcar or a motor-'bus will nearly always choose the latter. Moreover, a motor-'bus can follow the routes the public most require, and not expect the public to follow a route which may, and frequently does, become out of touch with the requirements and convenience of the district. All of which goes to prove that tramway problems, to say nothing of road problems (such as dust), require expert guidance, and should not be the plaything of a lot of most estimable gentlemen of oratorical talent, with a primitive knowledge of the subject.

* * *

Free Drives

The Palace Motor Show, which opened last Friday, will be in full swing when these lines are read. The exhibition contains a large number of representative cars, including several of the most famous Paris models. With fine weather, the Palace Show becomes the happy hunting ground for those who want free drives. The only necessary rules to follow are that the applicant dresses in his or her best clothes, looks wise, and gives an impression of a superabundance of this world's goods. The rest is easy. Trial runs in the grounds and in the neighbourhood are offered in the most lavish manner.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Lieut.-Colonel R. E. B. Crompton, C.B., R.E.

Very few automobilists can claim an intimate acquaintance with the sport and industry of forty-five years standing. So far back, however, as 1861, the subject of this week's Car-icature was experimenting with a form of self-propelled vehicle which, as he has himself explained, ran on the road most successfully—downhill. Colonel Crompton is a founder member of the A.C.G.B. and I., and is a member of the Committee of the Governing body. His services in connection with the construction of an electrical timing apparatus, freely used when motor speed-racing was in its zenith, will always be gratefully remembered by all who recognise the enormous benefit conferred in the early days by that form of object-lesson. Colonel Crompton, who commands the Electrical Engineer Volunteers, was in charge of the Indian Government's steam road trains from 1870 to 1875, and later, when commanding the Electrical Engineer Corps in South Africa, superintended the moving by traction engines of the 12-ton guns employed in and about Pretoria. At his home, Thriplands, Kensington Court, Colonel Crompton has many highly interesting prints and mementos of the pioneer days of the motor movement, in the future expansion and usefulness of which he is a steady and firm believer.

DOUGLAS MILLER.

* * *

Miscellanea

In India's biggest touring event, the South India Reliability Trials held recently, the first three cars to finish were fitted with Continental tyres, thus making, with their success in Australia, a fine start for the season. — The Automobile Association's second annual dinner takes place at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday, February 12. Mr. Frank Rendle has arranged that his fellow-members of the Association, and their guests, will be admitted to the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball afterwards at half price.—A new County Automobile Club has been formed for Westmoreland. The Earl of Derby is President, and the list of Vice-Presidents includes Lord Lonsdale, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Captain Bagot.—Inspector Jarrett is summoned before the Reigate County Bench on Saturday, February 9, for an alleged assault upon one of the members of the Motor-Union, Mr. W. G. Robarts.—The Kaiser Wilhelm II. Cup, which is to be contested over the celebrated Taunus Course in June, 1907, is attracting many entries, of which the latest are three Minerva cars, one of which is to be driven by Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon. — The Army Motor Reserve concluded a most interesting staff tour on Wednesday last, conducted under the supervision of the Commandant of the Cavalry School. During the tour, the cars covered an average of a hundred miles daily.

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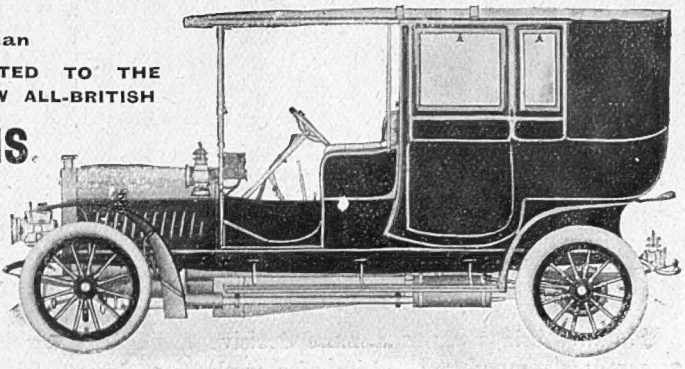

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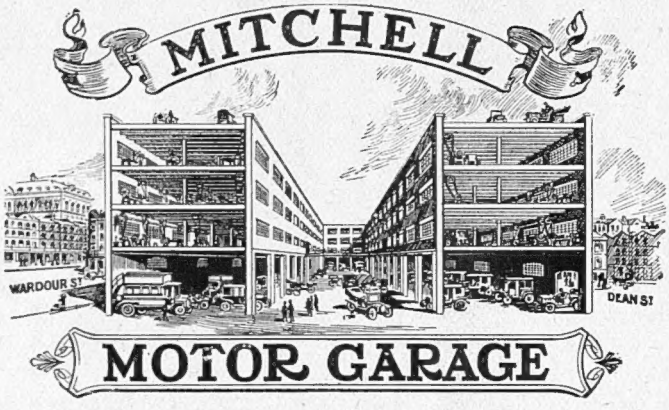

Right in the heart of the West End of London, and within a few minutes of Piccadilly, is the largest garage in the World. This immense building, of which a sectional view is shown above, is situated in Wardour Street, and here, on a floor space of over 70,000 square feet, may be stored or garaged upwards of **500 Cars.** The Mitchell Garage is prepared to meet every requirement of the motorist, from the fitting of a bolt to the making of a complete car. In the machine rooms can be seen great rows of modern labour-saving machinery, capable of turning out **fifteen complete Chassis every week.** The upper floors are devoted to body building and upholstering. A special feature is the Hiring Department, where cars of all powers and of all kinds, from Landaulettes to open Touring Cars, or powerful Limousines, can be hired by the day, week, month, or year, at inclusive charges. Write to-day for full particulars as to terms for garage, hiring, etc.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Nothing brings about a more decisive feeling of unrest than monotony. Life, of a truth, from my particular point of view, is desperately dull. Nor do the folk flying Southward appear, from all accounts, in better case; while not a few have turned tail, to retire grumbling into the fastnesses of their English homes. Such, indeed, is the general stagnation, almost one is inclined to welcome the diversity offered by a birth, marriage, or death, with the same amount of enthusiasm.

Perchance, though, I am a trifle too personal in this pessimism, a recent sharp experience of the death duties tending to disturb my temper. The sort of sentiment uppermost with me is that we shall shortly be asked to pay a tax for the privilege of living at all. So now you know exactly the state of mind I am in.

Modern Mourning

This seems quite an apropos topic, and, since a fellow need makes us wondrous observant, it has probably been given me to notice, with all due significance, the appreciable lessening of this obligation. Other than for father, mother, or husband, mourning would seem to be the most perfunctory performance, while it is almost the exception nowadays, in the circle yclept high, to meet a widow under sixty wearing the conventional bonnet. On the other hand, the uses of crape have in a measure advanced, thanks solely to the determined raising up of that fabric from the wearisome groove of cross-way folds and the all-crape dress. Nowadays, a fine dull cloth or silk skirt is left unrelieved, and the crape dedicated solely to the services of the corsage, arranged in the approved "Japan" fashion, with wide armholes and under-sleeves of the cloth. The day has quite departed for "niggling" applications of crape, which is now employed, as such an all-entrancing fabric should be, as a large responsible factor.

In the second stage of widow's mourning, when small dinners are of privileged acceptance, a gown of dull black satin, with black chiffon tucker and sleeves, has a peculiar fitness to the situation, the satin, if preferred, being laid aside in favour of velvet. For definite half mourning there is unlimited scope for variety. The grey and delicate *lavande* shades are essentially *demi-deuil*, while the sombreness of a black gown finds an attractive alternative in slight touches of aluminium braid, which, strangely enough, gives the requisite impression with far more acuteness than would an all-black scheme.

A costume for early Spring
A grey striped tweed with a *ninon de soie* blouse
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Colours for the Spring

One talks with much glibness of old-world colours. This has become a sort of catch-phrase, and is sometimes a trifle misleading. So, although the temptation is strong within me, I am going to resist calling the new blue, old-world. It is a species of Nattier, but deeper in tone than that pretty *nuance*, and works up with especially good effect in *voiles* and marquisettes. For our greens, the Empire period has been steadfastly requisitioned, strong, full-bodied tints vying with others quite delicate, and undetermined shades. Bronze and *verdigris* greens will merely be employed as a relieving note or contrast, to the above new

Those Little Matters

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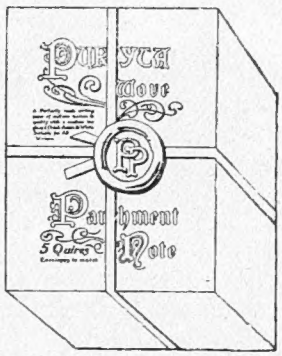

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. . It is said about clothes that they reach their highest point of effectiveness when they best conceal the bad points of the wearer's figure, and most fully suggest those points which are good. The Tailoring which produces clothes of that character is not by any means a rule-of-thumb affair. Rightly speaking, it has no rules. It is a matter of individual careful attention to each detail of each particular case . . a matter of understanding just what is wanted to be done, and doing it well.

. . Unbound, save by such of the broader rules of conventionality as are positively necessary, such Tailoring is its own rule. It realises that there can be nothing certain where such disparity exists between one figure and another, and properly comprehending that fact, it successfully combines **REASON** with **HANDICRAFT.**

. . In Mr. Bult's work there are to be found characteristics which make it plain that he has properly grasped the essentials of Good Tailoring, and that he spares no thought or effort in the direction of producing clothes which are effective in the best sense of that term.

"The SUNDAY TIMES" refers to Mr. John J. M. Bult as "A tailor whose style is beyond reproach, and whose work is perfectly satisfactory down to the smallest detail, but whose charges, nevertheless, remain consistently moderate."

The following prices will give a good idea of the general charges: Dress Suit (Silk-lined) from 84/-; Frock Coat and Vest from 63/-; Lounge Suit (Tweed, Serge, etc.) from 55/-. Patterns, Illustrated Price List (and Self-measurement Form if desired), will be sent Post Free on application.

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blue—for example, greys or cinnamons. There is a cinnamon shade, also, that is replete with fascination, peculiarly soft and pleasing, and which craves the presence of some sable touches. Finally, we have *lavande*, a real old-world revival this, that, it is rumoured, will run through cloths, *voiles*, and silks.

Light-coloured tweeds, we are assured, will play a conspicuous rôle in the near future, although they will have serious rivals to face in boldly contrasting checks, such as mauve and brown, amethyst and black, blue and deep cinnamon, etc.

Ninon Blouses with Tweed Costumes

To the ready acceptance of the wide armhole and the general kimono outline may be directly traced some big developments. Indeed, we are not within visible distance of gauging the huge possibilities of this departure in connection with tailor-made costumes. As an instance, Mrs. Dorothy Millar has illustrated a simple, but eminently smart design for early Spring, arranged on these lines, the tweed selected of the ubiquitous two-shade stripe, in a novel slate-grey, the *ninon de soie* blouse harmonising exactly in tone, relieved by yoke and *motifs* of white lace. When the coat is removed, the dress still stands intact, an alliance with the skirt being provided in fancifully disposed strappings of plain grey cloth to accentuate the waist line, a further link being found, when the coat is donned, in cuffs of velvet as a finish to the *ninon* blouse sleeves, to match a collar of the same ilk. And with this suit is worn a white felt hat, draped with tulle and plumed with natural *coq's* feathers.

A revival of the Calash

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A Revival of the Calash

The motor-car is in all likelihood largely responsible for this event, and I recall predicting something of the sort quite two years back, before the motor-brougham became the familiar sight that it now is. Many of us still are content with a Cape-cart hood, as more amenable to general exigencies, and then the full joy of the Calash, under its modern auspices, is most certainly appreciated; although there is much to be said in its favour as an alternative to the casual wisp of gauze or lace ordinarily affected at present. For the modern Calash, the softest fabrics are utilised, such as is suggested in the accompanying sketch, when pink *ninon*, delicately upheld by covered whalebone, forms the chief component part, with an over *coif* of white tulle, caught low down either side with blush roses. Sometimes a soft silk is requisitioned, veiled old lace, the latter caught up with chains of tiny rosebuds or daisies. And the comfort of these little set hoods, those who have worn them declare, cannot be too highly appraised. Nor is it in the slightest degree necessary that they actually accord with the evening cloak they accompany, although, when they chance to do so, there is unquestionable gain. So, for what it is worth, the Calash is making brave endeavours to be accounted of big import once again. And so does history always repeat itself.

Crême de Japon et Cie, 13 and 14, Old Bond Street

There has sprung up quickly, as a mushroom in the night, although there we may rest satisfied the similitude will end, a quiet, dainty little *salon* at the above address that has in its possession a *crême*, or food for the skin, that boasts the distinction of publishing an analysis, the only production of the kind that does. Women who are justifiably careful of their skins, and who have suffered from the deleterious action of glycerine, a strangely important ingredient in most emollients, have a guarantee that Crême de Japon is guiltless of this particular concomitant, while that which it does contain are properties proved at once restorative, softening, and refreshing. Among its other virtues, it tends to tighten the skin, and so prevents wrinkles, while it affords a wonderfully soft and velvety appearance—which always tends to youthfulness—and, finally, it is an antiseptic.

Emitting various delicate perfumes, one can safely promise that the Crême de Japon will be found in a very short space of time on every up-to-date toilet-table.

For peculiarly oily skins, the company provide a lotion equally advantageous to producing good results, and which is particularly efficacious in the case of acne and blackheads; and it is also said to fade away freckles when all else fails. The little *salon* where the toilet treasures are to be found is perfectly charming, a green and white scheme of colouring, comprising a beautiful French striped paper, green taffeta curtains, and white enamel wood cases for all the dainties. All the latest and most coveted Parisian perfumes are to be found here, a further dainty and exclusive fancy being provided in a full-size plaited ribbon cushion, a bunch of flowers, hand-worked, ornamenting one corner, and affording the keynote of the perfume, delicately emitted through the interstices of the ribbon. As a rendezvous for the smart shopping woman, the Crême de Japon et Cie has already secured a very distinguished place.

Are You Visiting Paris?

If so, till we get the Channel Tunnel, you must brave the sea passage, so don't forget that besides its £2,000 railway accident policy, The Bystander insures you for £1,000 against accidents at sea.